

B

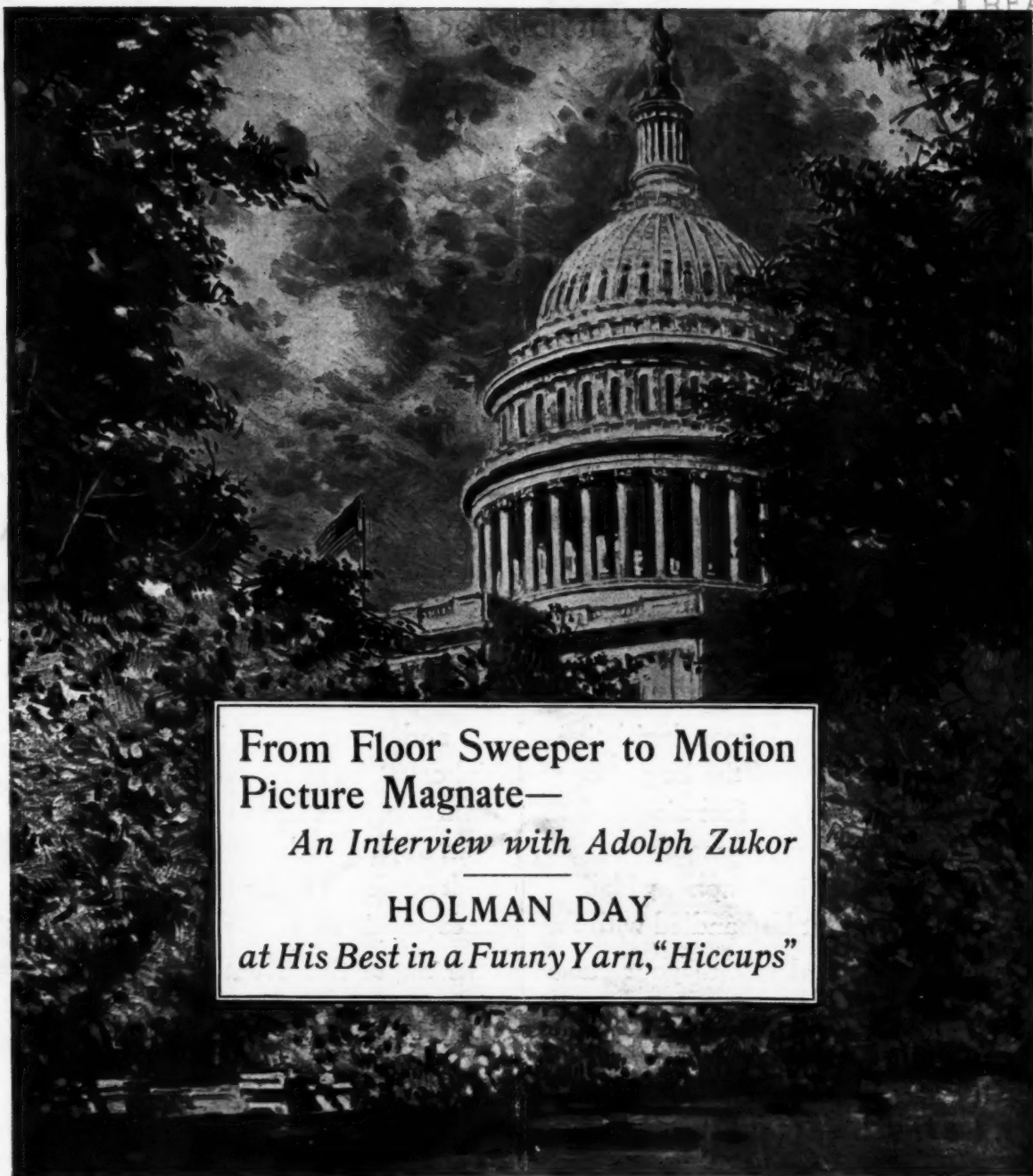
*For Mitchell Chaplin's*  
**NATIONAL**  
*Monthly about People*  
**MAGAZINE**

4

SEPT.  
1919

ST. LOUIS  
READING ROOM  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

20  
Cents



From Floor Sweeper to Motion  
Picture Magnate—

*An Interview with Adolph Zukor*

HOLMAN DAY

*at His Best in a Funny Yarn, "Hiccups"*

"The Lure of the Land of Exiles"

*and 20 Other Unusual Human Stories*

# The Business Barometer of the World



THE Victory Peace Convention, held in Boston in August, 1919, represented 8,000 Rexall Druggists in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It was an impressive barometer of world business conditions. Delegates from Europe and America represented millions of people—their customers—whom they meet every day across the counter in Rexall Stores.

Fifteen years ago forty druggists formed the United Drug Company. They pledged themselves to pull together, to be fair and square, and to win public favor for Rexall Stores in every city, village and hamlet. They made the Rexall sign a banner of stabilized and standardized business. The factories, laboratories, warehouses and gigantic business organizations, which have since evolved and developed under masterful business genius, are placed at the service of the people.

Your own home-town Rexall Store was visualized in those early discussions, out of which grew a mighty organization, whose annual sales now approach \$125,000,000. One dollar for every human being in the United States is represented in this total.

The power of co-operative merchandising is revealed in one striking record. The 8,000 *united* Rexall Stores in one year sold more of a nationally known toilet preparation than 58,000 *stores not united* sold of a like product—and the Rexall record was established with considerably less advertising outlay.

I have looked upon legislative bodies and conventions in the United States and many of the largest commercial countries of the world. I never have seen a body deliberating so directly from experience, swifter in getting at results, moving more unanimously toward an objective, than the Rexall Convention of 1919 in Symphony Hall, Boston. It made me wish that our national problems might be handled with the same expedition and intelligence.

Drop in and talk to your Rexall dealer about this eventful gathering. You will then understand my enthusiasm concerning Rexall as revealed in the great Victory Peace Convention.

*Sam Mitchell Crapper*

*ads out*

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*

SEPTEMBER  
1919

Frontispiece..... General John J. Pershing

## Articles of Current Interest

Affairs at Washington.....*Illustrated*... Joe Mitchell Chapple 339

Presidential Tours  
H. C. L. or Feminine Vanity—Which  
The Iron-Master's Love of Literature Implanted at a Tender Age  
Young Arizona Musical Prodigy Aided Thrift-Stamp Campaign  
The "Grand Old Man" of Arizona a Wheel Horse of the Administration  
Indiana Senator Plays Shantung Provisions of the League of Nations  
"Cho Cho," the Clown, Teaches Children Hygiene under Guise of  
Buffoonery  
Old-Time Debating Society Traditions Revived in Senatorial Addresses  
Justice Brandeis Says Zionism is Now on Way to Realization

Impending Desecration of Fish Wharves and Coal Sheds at Pilgrim  
Landing Place  
Newly-Appointed British Ambassador the Spokesman of Civilization  
at Beginning of World War  
"Luncheon is Ready" Was a Real Surprise for the Senior Senator  
from Massachusetts  
Belgium's Cardinal Says Germany Even Now Plotting Revanche  
Nationally-known Champion of Labor's Cause and Labor Leader  
is Dead

The Lure of the Land of Exiles.....*Illustrated*.... Horace D. Hadley 345  
Siberia Presents Countless Opportunities to the Adventurous Spirit of America

Motion-Picture Magnate Once Swept Floors  
in Factory.....*Illustrated*..... Flynn Wayne 348  
Hungarian Orphan Boy Emigrant Now a World-Known Figure in Film-Land

Siberia Eliminates the Middleman.....*Illustrated*. Maurice Le Grand Howe 349

How Will Prohibition Affect the Hotels of  
America?.....*Illustrated*..... Everett Lloyd 351  
An Interview with Calvin H. Morse, Manager of the Brown Palace Hotel of Denver

Uncle Sam's Letter-Box Brigade.....*Illustrated*..... Bennett Chapple 353

"You Can't Do That Any More in the Movies".....*Illustrated*.. Alice Wellman Black 356

There is Another League of Nations.....*Illustrated*..... John Andrew Kilbain 357

The Rainbow-Land of Mooseheart.....*Illustrated*..... 359  
There Is Nothing Like It in the World

Affairs and Folks.....*Illustrated*..... 361

Futurist Stories of Especial Interest  
Distinguished Citizen from Norway to Visit U. S. A.  
School Teachers in Convention at Milwaukee  
United States Representative and Five Scoury Sons  
President of the Church of Latter-Day Saints a Busy Man  
Legislation for Preserving the Beauties of the White Mountains  
Official Photographer of Twenty-Sixth Division

Woman's Relief Corps Still Shows an Increase in Membership  
Wartime Representative in London an Alert American  
A Successful Salesman  
United States Bureau of Supplies Praised by Allied Nations Overseas  
Corkscrews Still in Demand  
A Well-Known Author and His Latest Book

What Melody Farm Meant to Uncle Sam's Sons.....*Illustrated*.. Mary Travers Trask 371

Merrick—A Man Who Knows Men.....*Illustrated*..... W. C. Jenkins 374

People Poisoning Themselves By Bad Habits.....*Illustrated*..... 375  
An Interview With Dr. J. H. Tilden

The Editor's Corner..... 377  
Wherein Joe Chapple Talks Mostly About Himself

## FICTION

"Hiccups"..... Holman F. Day 369

## VERSE

The Guardian of the Night..... Thomas G. Breen, Jr. 373

Spring..... Nina F. Gimel 380

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U.S.A.

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President

JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.40 a Year

20 Cents a Copy

\* A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired





Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

**GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING**

*America's conquering hero, whose public reception at New York, on his return from the battlefields of Europe, surpassed in enthusiasm and adulation any similar demonstration ever witnessed in this country. The permanent rank of "General" has been formally conferred upon him, thus making General Pershing the fourth to hold that rank in the United States*





# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**I**T was not until a young friend asked if I thought that President Wilson's tour would have the results that the President hoped for, that I was reminded, with something of a jolt, that I had been on Presidential "Specials" since the days of McKinley. I realized then that I was approaching the reminiscent stage.

It was back in the days before the war with Spain that I started off with McKinley in his memorable effort to win the solid South to his way of political thinking. It was an ambitious project, just as Mr. Wilson's trip is ambitious, for Wilson seeks to win the North.

McKinley began his tour with a confidence that was amazing, especially to those who knew the South a little better than he did. The adventure seemed Quixotic, but McKinley hoped. He was a dreamer, an idealist. With cigar in hand, he would sit in thoughtful repose while his train tore out the miles between stops; and I could see the mind-pictures that were before him—of a new South—a South devoid of the feeling of political antagonism that had lain firmly rooted, tho at times seemingly dormant, since the great struggle. He felt himself the champion of a new nationalism.

Worthy as was the cause, this "swing around the 'circle'" failed in its purpose. It took the Spanish War to do the work which he so bravely set out to do. Politically, the situation remains the same to this day.

He was the first President to visit the Pacific Coast. I was one of the thousands who learned to love him for his striking manliness, his dignity. Mrs. McKinley was with him, and his devotion to her was an example that can never be forgotten.

But tho his actions won love and respect, his words fell largely upon deaf or unwilling ears. The trip placed William McKinley in the hearts of the people, but he failed to win the electorate of the South.

The Presidential Special with Roosevelt was a different proposition. There was nothing of the quiet, graceful "How are you?" and "Good-bye" of McKinley. It was a plain punch from the rear platform. There was no highfalutin', academic, didactic League of Nations stuff in those days. The homely truths struck home to the people. His utterances dealt with the everyday life of the masses. They needed no interpretation or expounding. Every subject, from the bearing of children

to the doings of malefactors of great wealth, was discussed. Roosevelt played no favorites, and he talked in a language that all of his hearers understood—the language of human brotherhood.

And yet—I wonder. Were these tours a success? Did they accomplish their purpose? I fear not. Instead of strengthening the Republican cause, as they had been planned to do, they weakened it. They made Roosevelt's personal leadership the great power, and probably laid the foundation for the party schism of later years.

\* \* \*

And then those placid days with Taft on the rear platform of the Presidential Special. He enjoyed it all thoroly. He had a smile that radiated across the continent and a laugh which was infectious. But, somehow, there was lacking the punch and virility of his successor. His trips were never big successes. The people looked, laughed and admired—but they did not follow.

\* \* \*

And now comes Mr. Wilson!

*H. C. L. or Feminine  
Vanity—Which?*

**M**EMORIES of days of "Sockless Simpson" were recalled when the stockingless maid appeared in Washington. An old veteran who was contemporaneous with the Kansas legislator said he saw the sockless statesman attend sessions of Congress wearing low shoes and the high trousers furnished a real foot show.

"It would have been all right," he insisted, "if Simpson had been more careful in manicuring and caring for his feet." The old man continued musingly. "The no-socking fad has not come to stay. It necessitates the laundering of the pedestals, which Simpson overlooked." One of the young lady clerks held up a pair of stockings that used to sell for fifty cents—now two dollars—and commented, with a pert shake of the head, "Me for the stockingless fad if this continues."

The Parisian and chorus girls had their pictures heralded in launching the bare-foot and bare-limb idea. Staid policemen in Boston insisted that they could not permit pretty girls in bathing attire to pass the boulevard unless stockinged full length, for the Commission of Public Health did not approve. Women wear chiffon blouses, low necks in winter and furs in the summer, indicating that femininity will have its fling, no



A "NUTMEG STATE" SMILE IN SIBERIA  
Miss Gail Berg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Berg of Stony Creek, Connecticut. She is at the "Y" hut in Vladivostok. Many a doughboy walks fourteen miles twice a week to get just one dance with her. Miss Berg has proven one of the most popular and helpful "Y" workers who have gone overseas

matter what the temperature. The Boston commissioner insists that he objects to it on account of cleanliness, and insists that if women go without stockings, that sandals must be worn. Shoes without the protection of stockings, he insists, becomes unsanitary, and he protests against the stockingless fad, whether



Copyright, Harris & Ewing

ANDREW CARNEGIE

*Speaking at the laying of the cornerstone of the new building of the Bureau of American Republics*

in the ball room, on the street, or on the beach. Stockingless women, defiant in their daring, were having their limbs painted with wild and fantastic designs, which suggested the tattooed lady in the side show. The bootblacks were industriously applying varnish to "shine up" the designs embossed upon milady's limbs (in Boston they insist upon saying "limbs") and the policeman—big brute—again interfered. Then was related to him the story of the sockless statesman named "Simpson." "Go on wid you," said the big boy in blue, "Simpson's were male feet."

*The Iron Master's Love of Literature  
Implanted at a Tender Age*

IT was impressive to meet Andrew Carnegie in his own home and to hear, as he sat at his library table, the story of how he earned his first penny. In his favorite work, the world's greatest philanthropist has followed an impulse implanted in a humble Scotch schoolhouse in Dumferline.

"I was in pinafores, attending school," he told me, "and like all Scotch children we were nurtured on Burns. One day the master asked me to speak a piece, and I went to the platform and recited without a break the long poem of Burns, 'Man Was Made to Mourn.' The feat so astonished the kind old master that when I made my final bow to trip back to my seat, he handed me a penny and patted me on the head. This was the first penny I ever earned. I often think of it, and I can see in my mind's eye that old Scotch schoolhouse and the few straggling books in the library which, because of their scarcity, compelled us to commit to memory many of their treasures."

The blue eyes sparkled while the speaker related the incident, and I could not help considering the contrast between the little Scotch lad who earned his first penny in reciting Burns, and the renowned philanthropist who made his name so indelibly associated with the library and literary development of the age.

Around his beautiful library in the home on Ninety-First Street, New York City, are mottoes that indicate Mr. Carnegie's love of books and literature. From memory he recited innumerable quotations—not only recited them, but insisted that in these epigrams he found a life's inspiration.

Over the mantel carved in wood on an open book is the

famous quotation from Bacon: "He that cannot reason is a fool; he that will not is a bigot; he that does not, a slave." It seemed peculiarly appropriate that when Mr. Carnegie visited the home of Bacon and was given the freedom of St. Albans, he should look upon the rare pictures of Lord Bacon as a boy, and other mementoes associated with his life, and should stand in the very spot where this stirring motto was written. He was given the freedom of fifty-one cities in Great Britain, even excelling the record of Gladstone's seventeen.

At every turn, on the walls of the library in the Carnegie home, there are inspiring epigrams. One of them, "All is well since the world grows better," rings out the very keynote of optimism. There are also diplomas of the innumerable honors and degrees of Mr. Carnegie. On one wall, in the rambling hand of Joaquin Miller, hangs the splendid tribute to "Andrew Carnegie, the real friend of literature." An amusing incident is related of the time when the late King Edward VII visited Skibo, and Joaquin Miller's tribute was read to him:

Hail! fat King Ned!  
Hail! fighting Ted!  
Great William, grim Oom Paul.  
But I'd rather twist  
The Carnegie wrist  
In this hard fist  
Than shake hands with them all.

With a chuckle the genial host turned to His Majesty and said: "You see, you are not in it," to which "King Ned" agreed with a hearty laugh.

*Young Arizona Musical Prodigy  
Aided Thrift Stamp Campaign*

ALL the world loves a baby. It may be a sequel to Emerson's phrase concerning lovers. John Dykes Rutherford, not much more than a babe in years, enjoys a distinction that has come to few of mature years. At the age of two and one-half years, he began using an Edison Diamond Disc. Not only that, but he can correctly call any record by sight or by sound. He seems to have been born with an instinctive knowledge and love of the talking machine, and it is no wonder that the Edison Company distributed millions of pictures of this young prodigy. From his large collection he seems to remember every selection he has heard, regardless of time elapsed. When a new record is played to him as an experiment and then put aside for several weeks, he is able to give the correct title. Of course, he is not able to read. He is just absorbed in music and will play with the phonograph all day, repeating his favorites over and over again, with his big dark eyes sparkling with enjoyment.

The young babe's services were used in the Thrift Stamp campaign, thru the publication of his picture, in the millions of circulars exploiting the thrift idea. In fact, young John Dykes is a living example of the thrift idea, for this lad of tender years already possesses one thousand dollars in baby bonds and Thrift Stamps, and has rendered a war service effective and far-reaching. He is the son of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Rutherford, of Jerome, Arizona. He is Arizona born and a product of which the state and his people have every reason to be proud.

*The "Grand Old Man" of Arizona  
a Wheel Horse of the Administration*

THEY call him the "Father of the State"—a distinction not enjoyed by any other man in Congress. When Senator Marcus A. Smith appears in the Marble Room, surrounded by admiring constituents, he is greeted as the "grand



JOHN DYKES RUTHERFORD  
Age three years, four months





Copyright, Harris &amp; Ewing

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON (OF INDIANA) AND FAMILY

(Left to right) Kathryn, Senator Watson, Captain Edwin G. Watson, Mrs. Watson, Joseph C. and James E. Jr.

old man" of Arizona. His long and continuous service in Congress spans eventful years. As a member of the Foreign Relations and Appropriation Committees of the Senate, and chairman of printing, in Democratic days, he proved his love of hard work and his ability to do things. A bill taxing government lands, providing additional revenue of \$250,000 per year for Arizona, to help out state budget, had his paternal attention.

"We need the money," said the Senator, commenting on the measure. "When the nation really knows Arizona and Arizona people as I know them, they will wonder why it was it required so many years of hard work to secure the coveted honors of statehood. What would the nation have done without our production of copper during the war? Yet copper is only a portion of our resources."

Senator Smith has enjoyed the close confidence of President Wilson, and is counted one of the wheel horses of the administration. He has the classic name of Marcus Aurelius, and truly reflects the philosophy of a sturdy Roman. Born near Cynthiana, Kentucky, he has the inherent love of the sunny land. After graduating in law from the Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky, he moved to Arizona in 1881, and is one of the earliest pioneers. He loves Arizona and had not been there twelve months before he was elected prosecuting attorney, and later a delegate to the fiftieth Congress. He served for eight successive terms in the House of Representatives, and in 1912 was elected United States Senator. Friends insist he will remain in the Senate as long as he desires; for if there is anyone who knows Arizona it is Marcus Aurelius Smith, who can quote his namesake and say:

The lot assigned to every man is suited to him,  
and suits him to itself.

*Indiana Senator Flays Shantung  
Provisions of the League of Nations*

WHILE he holds the reputation of being one of the leading orators in the country, Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, seldom speaks in the Senate, but when he does, his utterances are rifle shots. His recent address on the Shantung provisions of the League of Nations was a scathing arraignment of the proposition from an American's standpoint. As chairman of the National Republican Convention in 1912, he was recog-

nized as one of the young leaders of the party. Now he is named as one of the possible candidates for the presidency. In his grim way, he commented when the question of his candidacy was ventured, "The Republicans might go farther and do worse. Blamed if I don't think they will." He has a hearty, Hoosier spirit, and is very popular with the home folks, but the distinction that Senator Watson is most proud of is that of being the father of a lusty American family and the husband of Mrs. Watson. "Jim" Watson always was an organization man, and his family proves that he begins with the home unit first—for what is a prouder distinction for any man than "father." When perplexing problems are to be confronted and emergencies arise, Senator Watson's long arms begin to swing as he hammers out the proposition in debate. While an ardent partisan, no one can gainsay his sound and intrepid Americanism, and Hoosier folks are indeed proud of their "Jim Watson."

*"Cho-Cho," the Clown, Teaches Children  
Hygiene Under Guise of Buffoonery*

ECHOES of the National Education Convention are evidenced in the popular discussion of "Cho-Cho." While this sounds very much the title of a Chinese opera, it is merely a suggestion for a new method in health education that has been most highly recommended by the Department of Education in Washington. "Cho-Cho," the clown, was one of the startling exhibits of the School of Hygiene at the exposition given at the Department of the Interior and at the gathering of teachers from all the states, at Milwaukee in convention assembled. "Happiness is the beginning as well as the result of health," says the Bureau of Education in its plea for health, strength and joy for the school children of America. Cleanliness, proper eating and proper exercise are made to seem "like play" to the child. "Cho-Cho" is a prevailing game now; for the "playing" indelibly impresses facts upon the minds of the children when the clown says in simple nursery rhymes:

If you drink one pint a day,  
You'll smile and see how much you weigh.

A child understands this, whereas a learned disquisition of a doctor upon the necessity of adding more *aqua* to the constituents of supplying the human body with sustenance, and sage-like



intimating that the specific gravity of the human body is chiefly water. The child would not understand it, much less remember wisdom exuded in this fashion. They remember antics of the clown rather than those of the more sedate doctor. The very word "Cho-Cho" rivets the attention of children. Six million underweight children were revealed in a census taken in 1912. Education beginning with a knowledge of ourselves, instilling habits and rules of health, glorifies further the wisdom of Socrates when he cried out "Know thyself!" and sent the epigram thundering down the ages.

*Old-time Debating Society Traditions  
Revived in Senatorial Addresses*

**P**OPULAR interest has again centered on Senatorial debate. The days of Webster and Calhoun were recalled as the debates on the League packed the Senate galleries. The discussion will be interwoven into the constitutional history of the nation, as the same old contest continues between the loose and strict constructionists.

When Senator Philander Knox, with clear phrase and concise argument, delivered his second notable address, there were attentive ears. An elderly gentleman in the gallery who kept his hands off the railing said: "I never heard anyone who so reminds me of the forceful and brilliant Stephen A. Douglas. That man Knox is a 'little giant.'" Senator Hitchcock, administration leader, was ready with a reply that indicated a thoro study and preparation.

As Attorney General and Secretary of State, Senator Knox delivered his argument in the manner of a man who knows from experience the processes of international law. His startling



SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX

*Former Attorney General and Secretary of State, who asserts that the League of Nations will be defeated unless proper amendments are made*

proposal to defeat the League, unless proper amendments were made, was a bomb-shell in the camp of the Leaguers. Even the moderate reservationists sat up and took notice that it was to be a battle to the finish. The need for strong men—plural is the case—in public leadership was never more apparent. There are still those who insist that the U. S. A. is more than a "one man" country.

*Justice Brandeis Says Zionism  
Is Now on Way to Realization*

**H**AILED as the leader of Zionism by the Jews of Palestine, Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, has arrived home with his face tanned by exposure to hot suns and sea breezes, and his kindly features illumined with the light of his mission. Justice Brandeis brought with him glad tidings for the more than one hundred and fifty thousand Jewish people of New England and the hundreds of thousands interested in the Zionist movement thruout the country.

"Wonderful" is the way he referred to Palestine. "I now know why the Jews love Palestine and why the world wants it. It is worth having. I have seen Palestine and I come back impressed by the beauty and the possibilities of the land. It gave me indescribable joy not only to behold the Jewish home of the future, but to find that most of the greatest minds of Europe are agreed as to the destiny of the Jewish people."

He and Secretary Jacob DeHaas of the Zionist Organization of America, formerly editor of the *Jewish American* of Boston, traveled thru the Holy Land in a touring car and enjoyed their novel journey.

It is known that Justice Brandeis feels that the hope of the race depends upon the Jews of America, and that they must utilize all of their efforts and influence, and, as he is quoted having said abroad, "The whole thought of every sincere Jew should be for the unfolding and upbuilding of this project which is destined to influence the course of future civilization. The Jews in America must lead in the struggle for liberation and for equality of opportunity for all Jews. Every Jew is expected to do his duty. There must be no slackening of our determination."

*Impending Desecration of Fish Wharves and  
Coal Sheds at Pilgrim Landing Place*

**S**CHOOL-DAY visions of the "Landing of the Mayflower" were revived when the Federal Commission appointed to investigate plans for the Tercentenary Celebration visited historic Plymouth. The delegation included United States Senators Warren G. Harding and Oscar W. Underwood, Representatives Richard S. Whaley and Joseph Walsh. When they landed, with Mr. Louis K. Liggett, head of the Massachusetts Tercentenary Commission, there was a welcome that little suggested the bleak day in December, 1620. Every member of the committee was soon convinced that an appropriation of half a million should be recommended, which, added to the two hundred and fifty thousand already provided by local committees, and another quarter of a million from private subscription, would make a round million dollars to make the spot and stone where the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on American soil a fitting place to receive those visiting this historic shrine.

The various plans of proposed exhibitions, together with the proposed Memorial Building to be erected at the very landing



JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS  
*Of the United States Supreme Court, who  
has just returned from a sojourn in Pal-  
estine, investigating the possibilities of  
the Zionist Movement*

place of the Pilgrim Fathers, stimulated congressional vision from early morning to late at night. Information from every point and angle to help them reach a just conclusion was poured into their receptive ears. A shelving shore line will be constructed to supplant the coal wharves, fish houses and shacks that now cluster about the Plymouth Rock. The sum of \$250,000 was deemed adequate to clear the shore line directly in front of the rock, unless further work of a similar nature was undertaken. The Colonial Dames have offered to place a permanent canopy over Plymouth Rock at an expense of \$40,000, and another \$50,000 has been raised to make Cole's Hill a fitting background for the historic rock. Plymouth County is going to clear up Burial Hill, and the town of Plymouth has purchased a site at an expense of \$20,000, upon which a Memorial Hall, capable of seating about sixteen hundred, will be erected, which indicates that the present-day Pilgrim Fathers have the same spirit of going ahead and doing things as their forbears. The three-hundredth anniversary day of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers will be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies in December, to be preceded with a national pageant during the summer of 1920. A great historic celebration is planned, to continue two or three times a week all during the summer, including one day on which a prominent English statesman would be present, and a Dutch day, with leading men present from Holland; and a French day, and also include representatives from all the various nations.

*Newly Appointed British Ambassador the Spokesman of Civilization at Beginning of World War*

WHEN Sir Edward Grey walked up the steps of the British Embassy in Washington, soon after his arrival from England, I felt that I was looking upon one of the pre-eminent personalities of the World War. During those tense days of July, 1914, words written by his hand led to the actual declaration of the World War, and his decision was the last stand—Belgium was invaded by the green-gray lines of Germans. Historians will discuss the white books, the blue books, the red books and even the yellow books of the various nations containing diplomats' notes exchanged. As to what Sir Edward Grey said or did there remains no doubt or equivocation. He spoke for civilization in no uncertain or wavering tone. Years ago I first met a pale-faced young man at the National Liberal Club in London. It was a gloomy, dark night of fog. They said this young member of Parliament was the hope of his party. The Liberal chances were beginning to brighten. The young member from Scotland stood before a picture of John Bright in the hall and grimly remarked to us: "Our prospects look bright." Quiet and reserved—almost a recluse—and yet in many ways Sir Edward is a typical English diplomat. He lives much alone on his estates in Scotland, and even in his early days in Parliament was marked as a man who thought out things first. In the limitless outdoors, in the isolation of the country life, he has found it possible to think out public problems on broad lines, free from the influence and noisy racket of petty personal politics. The selection of Sir Edward as ambassador to the United States at this time is deemed especially fortunate, for it brings to us one man who understands the World War from its origin and to the very dregs of its depths. The post at Washington is worthy the services of the best that Great Britain can command for these turbulent times, and Sir Edward would seem to be the one man for these troublous times.

*"Luncheon is Ready" Was a Real Surprise for the Senior Senator from Massachusetts*

IT was a reminder of the time when the White House luncheons were every-day Rooseveltian events. When the members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate visited the President to talk over the League of Nations, there was a colloquy that wires flashed, as well as walls heard. The questions of the Senators and the answers by the President were taken down by the stenographers and telegraphed broadcast. As the conversation proceeded it was evident that there was not to be "unanimous consent." The President, cool and collected, was altogether a gracious host. He even

had prepared, without the knowledge of the guests, a luncheon in the state dining-room, and gave Senator Lodge a real surprise when the Massachusetts Senator suggested adjourning for lunch, with those eloquent words:

"Luncheon is ready!"

There was little indication of "masticating" international problems when the food was on the table. Even state-craft succumbed to epicurean appeals, and threw off the serious mien



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

SIR EDWARD GREY

*Newly appointed British Ambassador to the United States*

of "chewing things over" in conference, for conversation at meals is as necessary as chewing to insure good digestion.

The interrogations brought up the distinction between moral and legal obligations and revealed an earnest purpose of all concerned to provide something that would end the prospect of warfare.

The reporters in the basement were taking questions and answers first from the very lips of those engaged in the conference, and before the meeting had adjourned the White House conversation was being read on the Pacific Coast. It was one discussion of the proposed League that did not illuminate. There was an air of frankness and courtesy which revealed the dual dignity of the Senate and the chief executive in official, verbal action. After all, they were just human beings with varying points of view aimed at one objective, which was to make world peace permanent. It was, after all, a commonplace corner-grocery discussion in the setting of the Executive Mansion.

Meanwhile the hearings of the Foreign Relations Committee, which have been the focal point of interest, continued. Even



the fiery debate on the floor of the Senate was eclipsed in the intensity of the questions, answers and comments evoked at the hearings. The votes indicated a political line-up with the exception of Senator McCumber, who has taken his place with the Democrats with real Scotch doggedness.

The objective sought in continuing the hearings during the hot and sultry summer days was to bring the question to a



Copyright, Harris & Ewing

HON. WILL H. HAYS

Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who in a statement issued at Chicago declared that President Wilson was pounding against a stone wall in attempting to have the peace treaty ratified without reservations

vote as speedily as possible. The action of the Congress of the United States on the most important international question that has come before the legislative body of the nation will be a precedent of vital importance.

As Lloyd George aptly said, it must be settled right in the mold or its cast must be broken again with broken pledges and bloodshed. The opposition to the proposed League seemed to gather strength as it was discussed, not alone as a party question, but as one involving the good faith and integrity of the nation in providing something more than a mere scrap of paper.

*Belgium's Cardinal Says  
Germany Even Now Plotting Revenge*

CARDINAL MERCIER, that noble soldier of the Cross, whose dauntless defiance and resistance to Germany immortalized his name and made him forever beloved of all peoples of every race and creed, recently arrived in New York, welcomed as only world heroes are welcomed.

Tho wearied from his long journey from Belgium and the wonderful reception that had been his, he recounted the story of his country's rape by the Hun—Germany's crime against

civilization. Tragic was his story, made more so when he expressed his belief that world-wide peace has not come, that Germany will try again by force to subjugate the universe.

"If there be a war against France," he said, "it is always against Belgium. Belgium is in the way. And who shall say there shall not be a war against France? Germany is preparing her revenge. Germany has not learned a lesson. Her spirit is the same."

*Nationally-known Champion of Labor's  
Cause and Labor Leader is Dead*

JOHN MITCHELL, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, and one of the most widely-known labor leaders in the United States, died at the Post-Graduate Hospital in New York on September 9.

Mr. Mitchell was forty-nine years old. Altho he underwent a recent operation, his condition had been reported as entirely satisfactory and his death was wholly unexpected.

Since 1915 Mr. Mitchell had been chairman of the New York State Industrial Commission. He also served as president of the State Food Commission, chairman of the Federal Food Board, president of the New York State Council of Farms and Markets, and as a member of the Federal Milk Commission for the Eastern States. While his office was in New York, his home was in Mt. Vernon.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Braidwood, Illinois, February 4, 1870, the son of Robert and Martha Mitchell. At the age of eleven years he began work in the coal mines, obtaining his education by studying at night. He soon developed an interest in labor problems, and a deep sympathy for workers in the coal mines.

Feeling that sometime he would become a champion of the laboring man's cause, he began the study of law, but soon gave it up to perfect his knowledge of economics and labor questions.

In 1885, while still employed in the mines, he joined the Knights of Labor, subsequently traveling extensively thru the West in the combined interest of mining developments and labor.

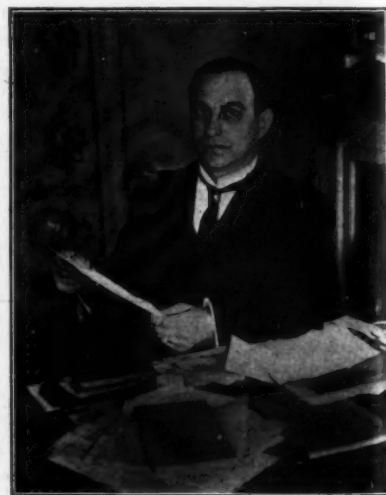
In 1891 he married Katherine O'Rourke of Spring Valley, Illinois, and shortly after this was appointed secretary of United Mine Workers of America, becoming president of this organization in 1899, and serving without interruption until 1908.

He relinquished this office to accept an appointment as chairman of the trade agreement department of the National Civic Federation, having served in this office until 1911, when he decided to expound the cause of labor from the lecture platform, which latter occupied his attention until 1913.

His affiliation with the American Federation of Labor began in 1898, with an appointment as fourth vice-president of the national body. He became second vice-president in 1900, and continued in this office until 1914.

He was invited to become a member of the New York State Industrial Commission in 1915, and was chairman of the commission at his death. During the war his activities were centered in work connected with the State Food Commission, of which he was appointed president.

During his strenuous life as a labor leader and organizer, Mr. Mitchell found time to write numerous books on the subject nearest his heart. Among his works were "Organized Labor, Its Purpose and Ideals," and "The Wage Earner and His Problems."



THE LATE JOHN MITCHELL  
Widely-known labor leader and champion  
of the cause of labor



# The Lure of the Land of Exiles

*"Sigh-less" Siberia, the World's New Frontier, Presents Countless Opportunities to the Adventurous Spirit of America*

By HORACE D. HADLEY



FO years ago, as I was preparing to start for Russia, I thought of Siberia as a land of exiles, ice-burys, anarchists, rocks, wild animals, and dark, impenetrable forests. I had no particular desire even to go thru the region, but looked upon it as in the line of duty and as the only available route for entering interesting European Russia. I sighed as I thought of the long railway journey before us from Vladivostok to Petrograd—fifty-five hundred miles.

But now I think of Siberia as the place where wild flowers grow in summer in profusion; a place where friendly folks live. I can see its fertile steppes, its fields of waving grain, its wonderful river valleys where such quantities of flax are raised! I think of its mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and platinum, and I long to return there. Even the cold winters—no more severe than the winters in North Dakota—are not devoid of pleasure, for climatic and other conditions there make possible the enjoyment of skiing and other winter sports to a degree not possible in America.

For me the "sigh" has gone from Siberia!

Oh! what an opportunity awaits thousands of live, friendly American men and women in Siberia, and later on, in European Russia!

Don't tell me that the days of adventure—of pioneering—are gone from the world forever. I know to the contrary. It is towards Russia, particularly Siberia, Turkestan, and China that we of this generation are looking for new worlds to conquer. Not that we need or desire to conquer the inhabitants as we conquered the savage North American Indians. I do not mean that we Americans can look forward to exploiting Russia or Siberia—or to conquering them industrially and economically—because the days when one nation may exploit another have passed away, thank God, never to return. But I mean that America now has an opportunity, and as I shall try to show, a duty in and towards Russia that has seldom, if ever, fallen

to the lot of any nation, and which will probably never again be possible on this earth. We can help the Russians to develop their wonderful natural resources, at the same time avoiding the mistakes we ourselves made in America.

In the old days sturdy, pioneering, adventurous souls in New England loaded sailing vessels and set forth on the seven seas to trade their commodities for the jute, hemp, tea, and tobacco of distant lands. They made millions.

Just as these millions were made in early days so I believe New England will now come to the front and lead the way for a phenomenal development of trade between America and Russia, and between America and China.

Mr. C. F. Weed, former president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, one of America's keenest observers, who has recently returned from a trip to Australia, Java, the Philippines, China, Japan and Hawaii, says:

"China, with its four hundred million people, offers the greatest trade opportunities of any of these countries. It has today only six thousand miles of railways, compared with thirty thousand miles in India and two hundred and twenty-five thousand in the United States."

This is the truth. If Mr. Weed had had time to continue his travels thru Siberia and Russia he would have found that Russia, as well as China, the two largest and probably the two richest countries in the world, together having six hundred million—and lying side by side for thousands of miles—combine to offer the greatest trade opportunities that have ever been open to America.

In all human probability no such opportunity for building up helpful, profitable, mutually beneficial trade can ever come again to America.

But there is no time to lose.

We must not fail!

We cannot fail!



HOWARD D. HADLEY

Mr. Hadley was one of the American Consular officials in Russia during the eventful days of 1918 and 1919. He was arrested by the contending forces five times, but was always promptly released. Hadley's "home town" is Plattsburg, New York. He has been aptly described as "a long, lean Yank, with a humor as dry as bone, and blue eyes that twinkle brightly as he speaks." He was formerly a New York City newspaperman.

The United States is entering upon an era which will be marked by a wonderful expansion of her foreign trade. A year and a half spent in Russia, ending in May, 1919, has opened my eyes to the possibilities which await America there.

Russia's far-flung frontiers encompass nearly one-sixth of the land of the world; she is the only country which has still standing an inexhaustible supply of timber; she produces nearly all the platinum of the world; she grows more flax than any other country; gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, oil, precious stones are known to be there in enormous quantities; she produces great quantities of many of the products most needed in America, and the production can be increased as soon as her farmers can procure the agricultural implements and machinery they need to work their fertile farms; she has great water-power possibilities.

Most important of all she has nearly two hundred million of the healthiest people in the world right on the land ready, as soon as order is restored in that country, to develop these possibilities—these great natural resources—two hundred million of the friendliest, most neighborly, peace-loving and most truly democratic people in the world. These kindly folks, after being cruelly repressed for centuries at last threw off the autocracy of the Czar, only to fall victim, temporarily, to an even worse tyranny—Bolshevism. "If the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," as has been claimed, then in truth He must love the long-suffering Russian people with an undying love!

But it is in the fires of adversity that strong men, and great nations, are tested. Russia will emerge, sooner or later, from her present troubles a united, determined, free people and, with her ideals (she is a nation of idealists), she will astonish the world with her achievements.

I shall speak in this article chiefly of Siberia, for there a modest beginning may now be made in opening up trade between America and Russia.

Siberia produces for export great quantities of wool, flax, hides, bristles, furs and feathers. These things America needs. We must have them. These commodities are so scarce and so expensive that the cost of clothing, linen, shoes, brushes and fur garments has risen to well-nigh prohibitive heights, and still higher prices are threatened.

The United States makes the best and cheapest agricultural machinery and implements, tractors, sewing-machines, automobiles and phonographs in the world and Siberia wants them. Siberia must have them!

And, too, in her great Co-operative organizations Siberia has at hand the commercial and economic machinery ready and waiting to collect and ship her produce to tide-water, and to receive from our newly-built ocean steamers the manufactured goods of America.

It came about that I was stationed as American Vice-Consul in the city of Novo Nikolayevsk in Siberia from October, 1918, to the middle of Feb-

ruary, 1919. Novo Nikolayevsk is about four hundred miles east of Omsk and about two thousand and five hundred miles west of Vladivostok. It is where the Trans-Siberian railway crosses the Ob River—navigable for hundreds of miles south, as well as north, from "Novo Nick." "Novo Nick" is the headquarters of the great Co-operative organizations of Siberia. The Co-operative movement, by the way, up to 1918 had attained greater strength and solidity and wider scope in Russia than in all the remainder of the world combined.

Co-operation, however, is growing by leaps and bounds in England, France and other European countries. It had its small beginning way back during Czarism, but the Czar's spies and bureaucrats, ever suspicious of any democratic movement, throttled it and, tho they could not suppress it altogether, managed to keep it from expanding rapidly. Perhaps, after all, that was a blessing in disguise, because it is probable that the co-operative organizations, by developing slowly, feeling their way at first, have had a sounder growth than might otherwise have been the case.

One of the largest and strongest of the Siberian Co-operative organizations is the "Sincresoyooz," or the United Credit Unions of Siberia, the president of which is Mr. Gennady N. Berseneff of Novo Nikolayevsk.

I remember well the first time Mr. Berseneff came into the Consulate at Novo Nick. He was energetic, well-dressed, keen, snappy, in quite striking contrast to the average Russian business man. He had brought his own interpreter with him, Mr. Leitis, but as I had in Mr. Vladimir E. Dillon, son of Dr. E. J. Dillon, the world-famous correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, the best interpreter in Siberia, we talked thru him, and in this way learned much of Mr. Berseneff's ambitions.

Mr. Berseneff asked how he could do business with America, exchange the products gathered thruout Siberia by the concern of which he is the able head for the agricultural machinery, etc., of America. I had been trying for weeks to find out myself, without success. But I said I'd keep at it and let him know. I tried in every way to find out how this could be accomplished. I made no progress. I appealed, of course, first to the War Trade Board branch in Vladivostok. But just as it was beginning to function it was practically abolished. I appealed to Consul-General Harris, an able Consular official of twenty years' experience and a first-rate business man. He finally wired me that he was unable to find out how such business could be started. I then determined to go to America.

As soon as Mr. Berseneff heard that I had resolved to start for America he again called at my office and said he had a mind to go to America himself. I urged him rather strongly to do so.

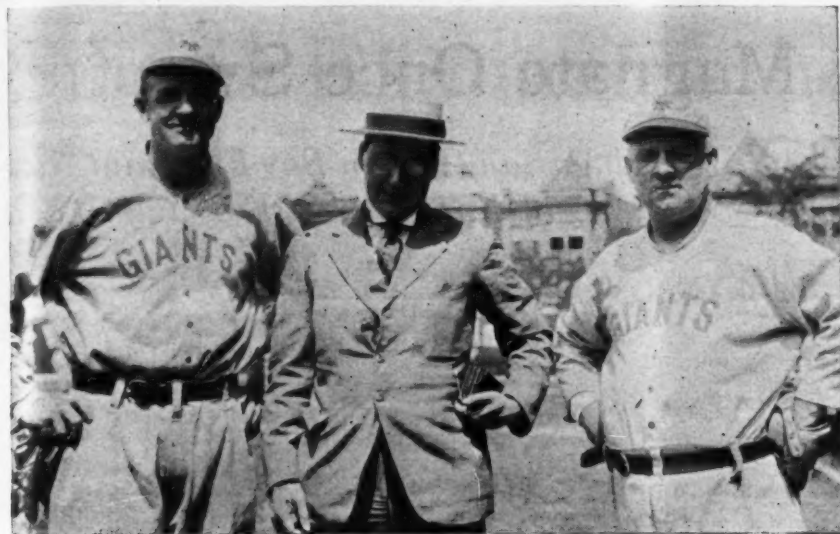
"All right," said he, "will you help me over there, you already know that I cannot speak the English language



FOUR YEARS IN RUSSIA

Hon. Charles H. Smith, of St. Louis, Missouri, American member of the Inter-allied Commission for the reorganization of the Trans-Siberian Railway, has lived in Russia four years. He knows the country and the language. America is fortunate to have such an able, forceful figure representing her in the East





WILL BASEBALL BECOME RUSSIA'S NATIONAL GAME?

Berseneff has developed into a baseball enthusiast in the few weeks he has been in the United States. It was the playing of the major league teams that did it. He says it is the ideal sport, and predicts that it will take a firm hold in Siberia as soon as more Americans go there and popularize it. This picture was taken in Chicago. Berseneff is in good baseball company. At the left is Christy Mathewson and at the right John McGraw

and I know practically no one over in your country." "Mr. Berseneff," I replied, "I'll do this, I'll tell America everything I can find out about you and the great co-operative organization of which you are the head. If that helps you, and I feel as tho it will, well and good. If it does not help you, I trust you'll not blame me."

"That's why I asked you to go with me. I want you to tell the American people all you can find out about me, the organization of which I am the head, and about the co-operative movement generally in Russia, and about the Russian people," replied Mr. Berseneff.

I have been amazed at the extent and size of the co-operative movement in Russia. It is one of the most remarkable things in Russia today. They started 'way back under the Czar, as I have already said, grew under Lvoff and Kerensky, survived even the Bolsheviki, and flourished under Kolchak's regime. No government in Russia would last long that did not heartily support them. For they are the people's organization. They are a natural growth.

It surprised me to learn that these co-operative organizations owned and operated daily newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines, and were doing much for the education and uplift of the masses in many ways.

Some day Russia will come into her own. That day, in my judgment, is not far distant. Some day soon people will demand to know why it is that Russia who sacrificed two million men killed in the common fight against Germany has been treated so shabbily, while Japan, who did practically no fighting, sacrificed so few lives and actually made money—lots of money—out of the war, was treated with such deference and consideration.

Why should not Russia come in for a

very large share of the indemnity that Germany is to pay to the Allies?

This article has been written to draw America's attention to the unparalleled business opportunity that awaits us in Russia, but I cannot omit to say that America is in duty bound, I feel, to help Russia, even if it were not good business for us to do so.

Russia needs railways. She lacks railways nearly as much as China does. Russia needs street railways. Excepting the little dinky street-car lines in Vladivostok and Samara there isn't a single street railway from Vladivostok to the Volga—four thousand and five hundred miles.

Russia needs to have her mines developed, she needs to have her oil fields developed. She wants bridges, waterworks, sewer systems, hydro-electric plants, telegraph and telephone lines, mills, factories, steamers, and good roads. It's easier to tell what she doesn't need along this line!

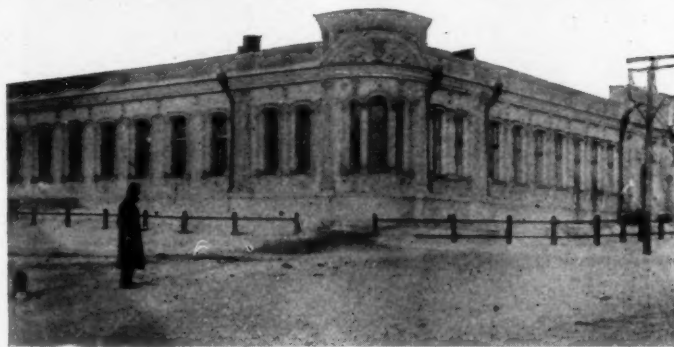
There isn't one good, comfortable, modern barber's chair in Russia from Vladivostok to Odessa! That's a strong statement, but I'll stand by it. I was in many of the best shops in the biggest cities and I

never saw nor heard of one in all my travels.

There isn't a single store that has a modern cash-carrying system. You may go into a department store to buy a spool of thread and perhaps stand in line twenty-five minutes after the clerk has waited on you while the one slow girl-cashier makes change for a throng of Russian people who even now at this late day think that it is a necessary part of shopping, this waiting in line!

My young American friends, men and women, if you want to live in that region which for the next generation or two will be the most interesting part of the world, and the most profitable, pack up your duds and head for China or Russia!

And you leaders of enterprising American business men, I beg you not to allow the grass to grow under your feet before tackling this job of organizing a foreign trade between this country and Siberia.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SINCREDSOYOOZ AT SIBERIA

This organization is the sole buying and selling agency for more than a million farmers



ON THE FISHING WHARF, VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA

The large building at the left is the headquarters of the staff of the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia. The white building shown at the right of the patched sail on the fishing craft is the American Red Cross headquarters



# Motion Picture Magnate Once Swept Floors in Factory

*Hungarian Orphan Boy Emigrant Now a World-Known Figure in Film-Land*

By FLYNN WAYNE



HAT a dazzling wild dream it would have been called had it been prophesied in the little village of Ricse, Hungary, that this orphan boy would, in thirty years, become one of the greatest motion-picture magnates in the world!

More romantic than any picture-story I have ever witnessed on the screen is the story of Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, the dominating figure in the moving-picture world. When he arrived from Hungary on a cold day in November, 1888, he was without kith or kin to receive him. He was then only sixteen of age, and had left his birthplace, Ricse, soon after the death of his father, Jacob, and his mother, Hanna Zukor.

No sooner had his little belongings been stowed away than he began searching for work in New York. He started as a sweeper in a fur establishment, and has been sweeping along a meteoric career ever since.

Working hard all day—and long days at that—studying diligently at night to know and understand the language and history of the country of his adoption, the life of this man, whose name is known in nearly every city and hamlet in this broad land, presents an inspiring series of pictures for our American youth to contemplate.

While he was sweeping in the fur shop, he was thinking. As he handled furs he had an idea; for Zukor is a man of ideas. He invented a patent snap for furs, which proved a great success. This gave him a strong strive forward and indicated the latent power and progressive genius of the young Hungarian lad.

The lure of the West was strong, and in 1892 he left for Chicago to establish himself in the fur business. Here it was that he met his future wife, Miss Kaufman. With redoubled energy, he continued his efforts to fulfill his vision of the future, to have a real American home and family, and to become a citizen in the broadest sense of the word. He returned to New York in 1901, and two years later made the venture of his life that foreshadowed his marvelous career. He joined Marcus Loew in the Penny Arcade picture business. This was virtually the beginning of moving pictures, and out of this evolved the Marcus Loew enterprises, with its great chain of theaters over the East. Mr. Zukor became treasurer of this enterprise. The

circle of friendship between these two men, united in business, now includes the engagement of Mr. Zukor's daughter, Mildred, to Arthur Loew, son of his early partner.

Thru Mr. Zukor's veins ran a fiery love for the beautiful. He realized that the crude pictures that were being turned out in those early days were not up to the standard, and that the public would eventually demand better. He wrote to the producing companies that the pictures must be improved. They continued defiant and diffident. Then it was that Mr. Zukor

delivered the ultimatum, insisting that if they did not give him better pictures, he would make them himself. In 1912 the Famous Players Film Company was organized. Associated with Mr. Zukor was Daniel Frohman, the theatrical wizard, and E. J. Ludwigh, an experienced theatrical attorney.

Mr. Zukor was responsible for the first feature picture ever produced. The production of Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" and James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," had already proved that he was right in his analysis, and also a true prophet concerning the future of moving pictures.

A year later Mr. Zukor was instrumental in effecting an association with Jesse L. Lasky, and thus the great organizer and great producer joined forces. Bosworth, Inc., also was included in the amalgamation, so that exhibitors might be assured an extended and permanent service.

At his office in New York he presides at a desk cleared for ideas. This desk, placed diagonally across the corner of the room, places him in a position that is perfect, for from here his keen black eyes may view his visitors as he would a screen picture.

"There is no secret route to success in the motion picture business," Mr. Zukor said,

answering my question. "It is the same as in every other business in the world—to succeed, one must please.

"And I have discovered that the best way, indeed, perhaps the only way to find out if you please the public is to ask, and to keep on asking.

"The power of the motion picture in the world," he continued, "has only begun to develop. Its public influence will be tremendous and far-reaching. But," he added significantly, "the whole future depends upon holding the confidence of the people.

"Interest is the first requisite. The (Continued on page 358)



ADOLPH ZUKOR

# Siberia Eliminates the Middleman

*Co-operative Organizations Control All Russian Business, Says Berseneff, Leader of 1,127,000 Agriculturalists, Now in America*

By MAURICE LeGRAND HOWE



GENNADY N. BERSENEFF

A native of European Russia, is President of the United Credit Unions of Siberia, a co-operative association of tremendous economic and social influence in the Far East. The organization numbers among its members nearly a million and a half substantial, property-owning Siberian farmers, and is their sole representative for buying and selling. Mr. Berseneff, who is now in America on a business mission, is only thirty-two years old. He is a lawyer, but abandoned private practice several years ago and became an inspector for the "Sincresoyooz," which is the Russian name for the United Credit Unions. His rise to leadership was rapid. He is a forceful talker, an orator of singular powers, and has a rich fund of humor. His face seems always wreathed in smiles. In build, in his forceful personality, in physiognomy—even in the pince-nez glasses he wears—he reminds one of Louis K. Liggett. He speaks practically no English. "Good morning" and a few other commonly-used expressions are his limit. I noticed when lunching with him recently that he consumed great quantities of iced tea, and I asked him about it. "Yes," he said, "I have all the hot tea I care for—and sometimes more—when in Siberia." Mr. Berseneff's home is at Novo Nikolayevsk



HAVE just been talking with one of the big men of present-day Russia, a man who will loom up bigger and bigger as the Russia of today develops into the greater nation of tomorrow.

Gennady N. Berseneff is one of the figures that stand out strongly in the tremendous maelstrom of events that has engulfed the mighty empire of the snows since the overthrow of the Czar. He is one of the commanding figures; one of the few hopeful ones; and one of the most powerful ones.

His power, however, is not based upon the force of arms. His power is personal. It influences thru the widespread system of farmer organizations in Siberia—great co-operative societies banded together for yet greater strength—which are the backbone of Russia's economic life today.

Ten years ago Berseneff was a young country lawyer in European Russia. Today, tho only thirty-two years old, he is president of the "Sincresoyooz," the United Credit Unions of Siberia, one of the greatest co-operative institutions in the world. It represents more than a million Siberian farmers.

Berseneff has the utmost faith in Russia's future. But that future can only be assured by the speedy establishment of some permanent and representative government.

On this point he speaks forcefully:

"My country," he said, "which in the first years of the war saved France, which sacrificed more than two millions of its sons on battlefields of Germany and Austria and exhausted its military resources; my people, who wish to create real values, who are ready to participate in the creative, cultural work of the world; who possess a land wealthy beyond all imagination, with materials so necessary for the world—such a land and such a people cannot be forgotten by the Allies to the extent of being handed over to the military power of the Bolsheviki, nor can it be satisfied with an uncertain position in the family of nations.

"The Bolsheviki are international riff-raff. They cannot be considered when the question of recognizing a government is considered.

"The Allies are struggling against them and so are the Russian people; for the Bolsheviki do not believe in majority rule. And they are practically a handful of men. They are a destructive force. They have ruined so far as was in their power the agriculture, the railways, industry and finances, inaugurated bitter class strife, and dispersed the Constituent Assembly at a time when the people were gladly going to the polls.

"Why the Allies have not yet recognized an anti-Bolshevik government is a mystery to us. The anti-Bolsheviks are trying to establish order, to lead the country toward a Constituent Assembly, to improve the agricultural conditions, and restore the ruined industries—trying to give to the people the chance to evolve their creative power.

"If not our anti-Bolshevik government, what government is to be recognized? What facts are necessary, what evidence must Russia give in order that the Allies shall grant recognition? Under the Kerensky government, which followed the overthrow of the Czar, the people for a time ruled the country and seemed to have had power. But in truth that power was only on their tongue. As soon as they shut their mouths, they were blown off by those who wanted to have this power in reality.



"The Russian people, sooner or later, will rule their country; and the government will be neither reactionary nor Bolshevik; it will serve the interest of the people.

"The Kolchak government, which is now in power at Omsk, tries faithfully to give the people all this; but it has much smaller military forces than the Bolsheviks, and therefore it can be crushed by them. But its might to be regarded as right?

"Does it mean, then, that the Bolsheviks have the right to rule Russia because they have military strength?

"When Russia was under the yoke of the Tartars, did it mean that was the best government for Russia?

"When, at last, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the power in Russia had been seized by usurpers and robbers of every description, and the people were perforce compelled to live under their domination, did it mean that government by robbers and usurpers was the best and most sensible power for Russia?

"The Bolsheviks are keeping the power (which they seized by the aid of the Germans in the first place), by military force. If the Allies believe in power maintained by military force, then obviously the Bolshevik government should be fostered and recognized.

"These are questions which are on millions of tongues in Russia today."

Berseneff spoke in Russian, which I do not understand. But the great international language of the eyes told me much, before the spoken words were translated. For Berseneff has eyes that flash with earnestness.

"But what of the future?" I asked him.

"The future is bright," he said quickly. "In spite of our trials, we shall emerge in time. There are constructive forces at work that cannot be blighted nor blasted. They are too deeply rooted in Russia's soil. Nowhere in all the world has the principle and practise of co-operation become so well-nigh universal.

"Co-operative societies are a bright spot on the dark background of Russian life today. To unite the economic interests of the population, co-operative societies were established many years before the war. The Russian people appreciated the advantage of such institutions, which freed them from superfluous middlemen.

"The former Czarist government, however, always suspicious of public organizations of every description, toward any system based on elections—majority rule of assemblies and meetings—hindered the co-operative movement. But the war gave freedom, because this same Czar's government was obliged, in its extremity, to acknowledge that the co-operatives are the strongest economic factor in the life of the country, and from the very beginning of the war invited these organizations to supply the army. So satisfactory, so essential, in fact, was their work, that the government soon gave its official sanction to the extension of the co-operative movement, and permitted the forming of big unions of unions—national bodies.

"On the other hand, the war had a very different effect on the private individual enterprises. Private trading died down steadily, giving place to the co-operatives, so that when the revolution came, overthrowing the Czar, the co-operatives had almost monopolized many branches of trade. The revolution finished private commercial trading almost entirely, and the Co-operatives remain the only important commercial factor

in Russia. All trade and commerce is now carried on by them.

"In the future, when normal conditions are restored, the Co-operatives, having acquired valuable experience and being in possession of the necessary staffs of employees, taken from private enterprise, will play a conspicuous part. No doubt when individual initiative and enterprising spirit flourish again in Russia, there will be also a good private trading organization, but co-operation will hold all it possesses now because in its operations it did not go beyond the limits of safety. It was created by the population itself, for its own benefit, and does not aim at profits.

"The Co-operatives endeavor to supply all the needs of economic life. Some sell goods to the consumers, others supply the people with the tools of production and gather the farmers' produce for export.

"One of the largest co-operative organizations in Siberia is the 'Sincresoyooz,' or United Credit Unions of Siberia. The 'Sincresoyooz' extends its operations over the whole territory of Siberia, from the Urals to the Pacific Ocean, and its aim is to sell all products of the farmer (except the dairy products) and to buy for the population tools of production and implements of every kind necessary in the household of the farmer. The owners of the farms in Siberia, long before the war, united themselves into special associations, principally for the purpose of purchasing machinery, and for profitably selling their corn, wool, flax, and other products of the farm, and also obtaining credit on most favorable terms.

"There are 1,127,000 such farming households united into 1,350 associations today. These local organizations are united

into unions. At present there are twenty-six unions in all. In June, 1917, all these unions were again united into 'Sincresoyooz.'

"Our organization today controls among other things, the total harvest of corn, ninety per cent of the flax, and about sixty per cent of the wool, hides and furs.

"The property owned by these united organizations—agricultural machinery, etc.—can be estimated as worth between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000. All small associations have their own houses and also storehouses. Some of them have industrial plants, such as flour mills and repair shops. Unions have lumber mills, flour mills of larger dimensions, tanneries, mechanical shops, flax-seed oil mills, and printing houses. Unions publish magazines, which are almost the only periodicals read by the population. Moreover, for the improvement of the farming industry they have breeding-farms as well as experiment farms. To these organizations, which aim to satisfy such important needs, the farmers give a very strong foundation in the form of the high responsibility for their activities. Every farmer is responsible for the activities of the organizations to double the amount of credit opened to him. This responsibility continues to exist during two more years should the farmer leave the Co-operation. Owing to such conditions, only owners of property and implements, only heads of the households, and nobody else, are admitted to be members of the organizations.

"Up to the present there is no instance where such an organization has been closed or has failed to pay its debts. That is why the government, the banks, and individual business-men willingly gave them credit.



MR. AND MRS. GENNADY N. BERSENEFF

*Tho only thirty-two years old, Mr. Berseneff is today one of the great leaders in Siberia. His wife is of Polish descent*



# How Will Prohibition Affect the Hotels of America?

*An Interview with Calvin H. Morse, Manager of the Brown Palace Hotel of Denver*

By EVERETT LLOYD

**T**HE hotel business is the fourth largest industry in the United States; and, with the exception of the distillers and brewers, will probably be the first to feel the effects of nation-wide prohibition on a large scale. But the fact that these effects are only temporary and more than overcome by other economic adjustments should offer some consolation to those who see in prohibition a condition little short of a calamity.

Considered as a class the hotel men of the country do not believe prohibition, as we have come to know it, is the solution of the liquor problem. They are opposed to the commercialized saloon with its attendant evils, and few would re-engage in the business even if permitted.

On the other hand, it may be safely stated that the majority of our most successful hotel managers are opposed to so-called bone-dry or total prohibition, but favor the happy medium which would permit the sale of light wines and beers. In other words, they believe that what the country needs is not prohibition, but temperance. They believe that the abuse of strong liquor and the open bar is an evil influence in any community, but that the reasonable sale of light wines and beers is in nowise detrimental to law or morals or good citizenship. This may be said to reflect the attitude of the hotel industry generally. To many of the larger hotels of the North and East prohibition is a new experience and presents certain problems seemingly difficult of solution; yet, when analyzed, these problems lend themselves to quick adjustment, and the loss from the sale of liquors will be more than off-set in other and more desirable ways.

Colorado has now had three and a half years of prohibition. The Brown Palace Hotel of Denver is one of the most famous hotels in America, in appointments, service, and class of trade. Tho built in 1892 by the late Henry C. Brown, at a cost of two million dollars, it still outranks its nearest competitor in the West, and the magnificent onyx lobby is still the admiration of thousands of tourists from all parts of the world. The social functions held in the Brown Palace a decade or two ago eclipsed anything known since in the West for grandeur and display of wealth. From the time it was built it has been headquarters of cattle kings, mining men, millionaires and tourists. Among some of the distinguished guests to occupy the President's Suite were Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson; and to maintain the average and keep the balance true John D. Rockefeller, Jr., came and tarried twenty-eight days.

It is fair to assume that the experience of the Brown Palace Hotel with prohibition, having had three and a half years of it, is typical of the experience of other hotels in prohibition territory—and this may be said to be true of other hotels where prohibition is a new and untried experiment.

The net profits of the Brown Palace bar were approximately thirty thousand dollars a year. The hotel being the largest and best in the Rocky Mountain country, liquor naturally played an important part in the social life and activities of the

guests. When confronted with prohibition the hotel was up against the proposition of overcoming this loss, or at least offsetting it to some extent; and in this interview Manager Morse makes certain observations and suggestions which will make the adjustment easy to other hotel managers who are confronted with the same proposition today. Mr. Morse takes a sane, wholesome and optimistic attitude; and having had thirty-one years experience in the hotel business, during ten of which he has been the manager of the Brown Palace, his words carry the weight of first-hand knowledge and information.

"Cal" Morse, as he is known thruout the West, is one of the few hotel managers who is a college graduate, having taken his degree at Amherst, class of '83. In turn he has been a cow-puncher and ranchman, and knows Colorado and the people of the West as few men do. He makes no defense of the saloon or hotel bar, but suggests the restricted and judicious sale of light wines and beers as the proper solution of the liquor problem.

But we will allow Mr. Morse to explain his viewpoint in his own words—as follows:

"I believe I take as sane a view of the prohibition question as the average citizen; and having been in the hotel business in Colorado for thirty-one years (three and a half years under prohibition), I feel I am

acquainted with the various phases and angles of the hotel bar, or even of the open saloon. I know what a hotel bar meant during the days of the Leadville boom and later during the Denver real estate boom. I know the effects of the liquor traffic on a hotel and the people generally, yet when prohibition hit Colorado I thought as did hundreds of others that the hotel business would soon go on the rocks. But three and a half years of prohibition have taught me the folly of our errors.

"In the first place the average hotel keeper accustomed to operating a bar would not vote for the return of the saloon because he knows it is an uncontrollable institution, and that the general effects on the hotel business are bad. The hotel keepers are not the only ones who feel this way, as one of the most successful liquor dealers in Denver, a man who accumulated a comfortable fortune, recently told me he was glad the saloon had been banished, and that he would not vote for its return even if he had the chance. On the other hand, I do not believe that the reasonable sale of light wines and beers is in any way detrimental to law, morals or order; but I do believe that the abuse of strong liquor and the open bar was a rotten influence in any community, and in our national life. What we need is not prohibition—but temperance—temperance in all things.

"We have found that during the three and a half years we have operated the Brown Palace without the bar and without liquor the efficiency of our employees has wonderfully increased; we are no longer called on to dole out the usual ration of liquors to cooks and other help; and the saving of wear and tear to hotel property has been an important item.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It would probably be impossible to find more accurate observers of our political, social and economic changes than the managers of the leading American hotels. As the manager for many years of the most famous hotel in the West, the Brown Palace of Denver, Mr. Calvin H. Morse makes some wise observations on the results of prohibition as it affects the hotel business, and answers many questions which have doubtless suggested themselves to hotel men thruout the country. Mr. Morse's information and knowledge is the result of three and a half years of prohibition in Colorado, and a wide personal acquaintance among the representative cattlemen, mining men, business and professional leaders, and thousands of tourists who annually visit Denver. Tho an advocate of light wines and beers used in moderation, Mr. Morse believes that the saloon was an unmitigated evil; and that the loss in revenue is off-set in greater efficiency on the part of employees, the saving in "wear and tear" to property, and a better atmosphere for the hotel.

There is an absence of the "rough house" deportment of guests and other patrons of the bar, and the social functions are characterized by a fine sobriety all too uncommon a few years ago.

"The profits of the Brown Palace bar were approximately twenty-five thousand dollars a year; and while I can't say for a certainty, I am sure half of this amount has been off-set by



CALVIN H. MORSE

*Manager of the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, the most famous hotel in the West. With the advent of national prohibition, Manager Morse believes that the hotel business will resolve itself into a matter of selling superior service, food, and rooms, and that the hotel of the future will be largely a "one-man" affair, where the manager can come into intimate touch with guests, and by his personality lend a home atmosphere to his institution. His theory is that the most distinctive and successful hotels are those in which the character of the owner or proprietor is reflected*

converting the bar into a soft drink parlor and candy kitchen. Some hotels resorted to the cabaret form of amusement as a means of supplanting the bar, but the Brown Palace has never favored the cabaret idea. The other half of the receipts of the bar have probably been off-set in other ways—efficiency, saving in damaged property and improved service. That prohibition is not the bugbear we once thought it to be is proven by the fact that in 1917 and 1919, under prohibition, the Brown Palace earned larger profits than during any 'wet' year of its history. Now I do not attribute all of this to prohibition—much was due to the "Seeing America First" movement and to other conditions which diverted travel and the tourist trade westward.

"The fact that we have had three and a half years of prohibition has caused hotel men all over the country to ask us about its effects; and to every one I would say that prohibition will not interfere with the hotel business even in the larger cities.

"The liquor business, as a matter of fact, has always put hotels beyond the pale of so-called 'respectability.' It made it a shady business for the reason that from time immemorial the Tavern has always been the resort where liquors could be purchased. The passing of the saloon will elevate and standardize the industry, and every hotel owner will be better satisfied with prohibition than during the days of the open bar. The hotel business will simply be a matter of selling superior service, food and rooms; and in the degree that a hotel is invested with a home atmosphere, which can only be done by the proprietor or manager injecting his own personality or individuality into the business by personal contact with the guests will it be successful. The most famous hotels of the past have not been the largest by any means; and the great hotels of the future will not be the largest. They will be principally 'one man' institutions where the proprietor can personally look after and anticipate the wants and desires of his guests. All the famous hotels in Europe are conducted along this line; and they are successful and famous largely because the character and personality of the proprietor is linked with the business. The home atmosphere is what most guests



THE ONYX LOBBY OF THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL, DENVER  
*The built many years ago by the late H. C. Brown, as a monument to himself, the Brown Palace is still the mecca of millionaires and tourists from all parts of the world*

desire in a hotel; and in a large institution of a thousand or more rooms it is impossible for the manager to meet and know his trade. Hence, the average hotel is a cold, cheerless, uninviting and mechanically operated place.

As in all other lines of industry the passing of the saloon will mean the elimination of an infinite number of risks in hotels and hotel management; and from the standpoint of efficiency, profits, good citizenship and service, the industry will be immeasurably benefitted."



*On Every Doorstep in America Resounds the  
Tread of a Mighty, Humanity-serving Army*

# Uncle Sam's Letter-box Brigade

By BENNETT CHAPPLE



THE United States government sells more than three hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of postage stamps each year. Twenty-five years ago the total sales in postage stamps for the year amounted to approximately seventy-five million dollars. The difference in these totals illustrates, as could nothing else, the marvelous growth of the nation during the past quarter century. The post office, more than any other government institution, acts as a barometer of prosperity. The lean years, the off years, show up with unerring accuracy on the carefully tabulated reports of the Post Office Department, for the post office touches every avenue of life, individual as well as corporate, and operates every hour of the day and every day of the year in the dispatch of mail.

Getting back into the history of things, when the Continental Congress took charge of the government, the first thing they did was to appoint Benjamin Franklin as Postmaster General. He took the office in twenty-one days after the Declaration of Independence. In 1789 there were only seventy-five post offices in the United States, and the total compensation paid to postmasters for that year was \$1,657, the total gross revenue of the department being but \$7,510. To contrast these figures with those of today is a revelation. We now have 56,413 post offices with a gross revenue of \$312,000,000.

Postage stamps were first placed on sale in New York City, July 1, 1847, and in 1848 the sales amounted to 860,380. Today 13,000,000,000 is an approximate figure.

Post cards were first issued in 1873, and the total number for the year was 31,094,000. Today the billion mark is approached.

Dead letters were first handled by the Post Office Department in the year 1830, during which year 380,000 letters were returned to the writers. During the last year they have returned somewhere in the neighborhood of 12,000,000 letters to writers because of incorrect address, showing that the dead letter office is at least not dead in activity, as it means a great deal of work to read each letter, determine who sent it and return it to the writer. The post office gets some return from these dead letters where their return is impossible. In 1838, the accumulation from this source amounted to \$12,060. An accurate account has been kept since that time, and in the year 1915, the amount of money received by the government from the letters they were unable to return was \$38,514.

Money orders were first issued in 1865.

In 1886 about 3,474,000,000 pieces of mailed matter were handled, and the department records today show that more than 20,000,000,000 pieces of mailed matter are handled by the department each year.

These figures are colossal and hard to fix in the mind, unless one realizes that the Post Office Department is the most wonderful industry in the United States.

Mr. J. C. Koons, first assistant to Postmaster-General Burleson, is the first man to occupy the position who has climbed the rounds of the Post Office Department ladder. He began with the service twenty-five years ago, starting in as substitute railway clerk. Much of the effective business organization of the department in its present efficiency, is due, not only to his knowledge, but to his practical solution of problems.

In his office at the Post Office Department at Washington hangs a framed picture containing letters, old relics of the days before stamps were sold. These old letters bear the postmark of the year 1839. The sheets were folded and sealed,

as envelopes had not yet been invented. The address was written on the back and the amount of cash paid for the postage was written in the upper right hand corner, where the stamp is usually placed today. The postmark was struck in the opposite corner at the top. All forwarded letters in those days required additional payment of postage, and the price paid was entirely conditional upon the length of the journey, much as parcel post is operated today.

The past year has been the biggest mail period in the history of the country, and every indication points to the fact that this growth will continue. Not only did the Post Office Department carry more mail than ever before in the history of the service, but last year was created the largest surplus in the history of its operation. The idea of the post office creating a surplus instead of facing a deficit is new, and has only applied during the present regime. The reason is given frank publicity. It is the inauguration of the parcel post that has put the post office business of the government on a surplus basis. Last year this surplus amounted to practically \$10,000,000—quite a neat sum to be able to lay aside.

Prior to the parcel post the fourth-class postal income was about \$12,000,000 per year; now it has grown to over \$70,000,000. But this is not all. The influence of the growth in fourth-class matter has been very marked in the growth of first-class letter mail. One branch has helped the other. The estimated number of parcels handled before the parcel post law went into effect on January 1, 1913, was 240,000,000 pieces. Today the government handles considerably more than 1,000,000,000 pieces of parcel post during a year, and seventy-five per cent of these are delivered without additional expense, being taken care of by the regular mail carriers in their usual rounds.

The insurance on parcel post packages has also been a big revenue-producer for the government. Last year it paid a profit of \$2,353,000. In the beginning, when the insurance idea was first adopted, the minimum charge was ten cents per package. Today, reduction has been made to as low as three cents on a \$2.50 valuation. In addition to this, all the red tape formerly considered necessary in insuring packages has been done away with. It was formerly required that the sender should fill out blanks, the post office kept a receipt and the postman demanded his receipt from the party to whom he delivered the package.

On the theory that most people are honest—aside from the well-known fact that a theft from the United States mails means federal prosecution of the sternest sort—the Department decided to send the insured parcels thru, simply stamping them "insured," and watch the result. Two of the largest centers were first selected for the experiment.

It was found to be entirely satisfactory, and reduced the operating cost on insured parcels tremendously.

The accounting system of the Post Office Department is a wonderful exemplification of efficiency. On the first fifteen days of April and October, annually, every postmaster is required to take an accurate check of every piece of mail matter handled, its weight, the amount of postage it bears, the cost of delivery, clerk hire, truck hire—in fact, a huge sheet, ruled and tabulated is sent for use in listing every item of expense. Among the items he must record are the following: Number of parcels received from other offices for delivery; number of parcels mailed for local delivery. When the total number of parcels to be delivered is ascertained, he must subdivide it to show the number handled thru the general delivery window,



and by carriers on regular trips. The list is sent to the fifty largest post offices in the country who do practically seventy-five per cent of the entire postal business of the country. It is called a statement in detail of parcel post, but does not include fees on insured and C. O. D. packages.

At the end of the year this is all tabulated and a balance



Copyright, Harris & Ewing

HON. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON  
Postmaster-General of the United States

sheet struck off which shows every postmaster just where "he is at" in relation to cost of delivery. He can then check up and see where he is paying too much for this or too little for that. The department at Washington, also, keeps a close check, and when his cost is excessive they call his attention to it and seek to remedy it. When a postmaster has made delivery cost at a very low rate they send a man—a post office inspector—to find out how it is done so that the same methods can be adopted in other offices. In like manner, if the cost is too high the Post Office Department sends an inspector to learn the reason and to correct it.

No business could be more efficiently handled. It is manifestly a matter of attention to infinite detail, and the care used in fact-getting is the secret of the phenomenal growth of the department's surplus during the past few years. Like all great national businesses, the Post Office Department keeps close tab on every post office in the country. The post office inspectors not only visit the offices to learn conditions, but also inquire as to the postmaster's standing in his own community.

Another division of the post office work that has had a marvelous growth is the business done on C. O. D. packages. In the busy seasons receiving stations are established in the

large mail order houses, the concern agreeing to furnish the space or rent and the wagon hire to the railroad stations. This relieves in great measure the congestion at the post office, as the clerks are able to route the packages at the factories. Last year, 307 tons of mail matter was moved out of their plants in one day, on which over \$21,000 was paid to the government for postage on same, all going direct from the factory to the railroad cars.

The Christmas rush occasions the heaviest load on the post office. Last year witnessed the heaviest period of mail ever known, and yet it was handled the most expeditiously. Not one big city of the country but what was able to report its sacks and counters clear of mail—all delivered before Christmas noon. At such times as these the Post Office Department insists upon delivery regardless of expense. It operates on "emergency schedule." Any postmaster finding his way blocked by some unforeseen difficulty has only to wire the Department in Washington for instructions and he is given *carte blanche* to get his mail out regardless of cost.

In anticipation of the Christmas rush the Post Office Department begins in September to lay plans for educating the public to mail Christmas parcels early. Catchy phrases are prepared. Interviews with local postmasters are given to local newspapers, motion picture slides are used, and five-minute talks are given in schools and theaters. In addition to this some postmasters have conceived the idea of having the pupils of the high schools write essays regarding early mailing, and to the writers of the forty best essays, as chosen by the teachers, the postmaster gives each a "job" in the post office at thirty-five cents an hour during the Christmas rush. This generally means a good deal to the boy for he can always find use for money, especially around Christmas time, and it helps the postmaster solve his own problem of getting in extra help. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and this seems to be a good one. Not only is the feasibility of early mailing argued and pointed out, but lessons are given in the schools on how to wrap the packages. The greatest trouble the post office has today is dealing with improperly wrapped packages, and most of the loss can be attributed to this one cause. During the busy season, every large post office has what is called a "hospital," where damaged packages are re-wrapped and sent on their way, and this is done simply that the public may not be disappointed. Sometimes, when the address is lost the parcels are opened to see if they contain some clew by which they may be forwarded to the right party instead of being returned to the dead letter office.

The real rush begins about December 10. From that date on, every post office in the fifty largest cities, or seventy per cent of the total business of the country, is in daily telegraphic touch with the headquarters at Washington. Each day comes over the wire, complete reports of mail received and dispatched, and other matters relating to deliveries. Then is the time that First Assistant Postmaster-General Koons begins to get only a few hours sleep each night. He becomes the active head and manager of these fifty-two great post offices. If there is red tape to cut to meet a condition he is there to cut it. Bigger problems are faced each year. The great post office system, the greatest government-owned institution, is again put to the test. There must be no fall down. Like a captain of the team, Koons leads the postmasters of the country to the final "touchdown." The *esprit de corps* is magnificent, every man is "on his toes" to make a showing for the honor and glory of the Department. Not until Christmas dawn is the work relaxed, and then, Koons sits back waiting for the telegrams—the clean-up telegrams—reporting the conditions on Christmas Day. And how these postmasters have worked to be able on that day to say in their congratulatory telegram that their decks are cleared; that they have handled the greatest rush in the history of their office with no confusion—and a Merry Christmas to the chief who has stood by during the busy hours of the Christmas rush!

Far into the night on Christmas Eve, Koons sits reading the telegrams. It's like getting the bulletins of election returns. How the office cheers as the message comes thru that St. Paul has cleared every piece of Christmas mail. Then word comes

from Omaha, San Francisco, Atlanta, Chicago, Boston and New York. A hearty cheer greets every "return."

At each of the country's fifty largest post offices is annually compiled the balance sheet, in the form of a print, with black surface and white figures. It is furnished them for the opportunity of comparison. Every postmaster can see thus how his own office "sizes up" with the others in the different items of expense, and every postmaster is keen to make a better showing than his neighbor. These reports are exceedingly valuable in maintaining the spirit of friendly rivalry among the different large postmasters. Approximately \$32,000,000 is paid out in salaries to postmasters; \$50,000,000 in clerk hire, and \$45,000,000 for carriers. The only amount that does not fluctuate is the amount paid postmasters, which is fixed by law, the other amounts depend upon the volume of business handled.

The big drive for War Savings introduced the wonderful efficiency of the Post Office Department in a new light. When the Department was approached by the United States Treasury Department, with a suggestion that it was desired to institute a personal canvass thru all the homes in America, the Post Office Department said: "Tell us what you want and we will get it for you." Just that, but it spoke volumes. Now what did the post office do? It delivered to every home in America on a certain day a special letter from Secretary McAdoo calling attention to the issue of War Savings and Thrift Stamps, with an earnest appeal that the men, women and children help by saving their nickels and dimes to win the war. Twenty million of these were distributed over the country in a single delivery. In addition, the postmen were all instructed to carry stamps to the homes on request so that it was not necessary for any person even to go out of his own household to buy these "baby bonds" of the government.

All this would have been impossible under the old regime of the department. Until a few years ago each one of 55,000 post offices was dealt with directly, necessitating an endless amount of accounting, and no little confusion. Modern business methods step in and remedy all this by decentralizing the work—in other words by grouping the 55,413 different post offices under a central accounting system that numbers only 4,100 offices. This has simplified the detail of the Post Office Department immeasurably and has enabled it to bring the entire organization to an efficient business basis, for accurate and convenient auditing. These central post offices furnish all supplies and postage stamps, which formerly were shipped from Washington direct.

It would not be fair to the present efficiency of the Department not to refer to the care with which it provides for the general health of the employes. It has always been Postmaster General Burleson's idea to have the government lead the country as a model employer, and everything done to make the working condition as nearly perfect as possible.



Copyright, Harris & Ewing

J. C. KOONS

First-Assistant to the Postmaster-General

Mr. Burleson has pointed out that if it can be shown that the Post Office Department is not at all times paying from fifteen to thirty-three and one-third per cent higher wages than private concerns for similar work, he will himself apply for that raise, as he wants the postman, the government employe, always a little better paid than he would be if working for a private concern. He believes the government employe is entitled to this recognition.

## THE NATIONAL BOYS' LEGION

### *An Organization of Red-blooded Americans*

ED BOK once said that he "despaired of Joe Chapple ever growing up." And he probably never will. He's the same boy today that he was twenty years ago.

That is why Chapple is so much interested in boys and why they are interested in him. "The fat guy," as more than one youngster has called him, has got the interests of the American youth at heart.

Now, perhaps you do not know about the National Boys' Legion that Joe Chapple organized. If you don't, you should

write a letter to him today, and he will tell you about it. Simply address "Joe Mitchell Chapple, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston."

Merrill Blosser, the famous comic artist, who draws "Freckles," was once a member of Joe Chapple's boy family. And Seymour Simonsen, now a successful business man of Boise, Idaho, was another.

If it was worth while for them, it ought to be for you. So write today and hear what Joe Mitchell Chapple has to say to you about the National Boys' Legion.



# "You Can't Do That Any More in the Movies"

*Rupert Hughes Says Old-Time Hero Stuff Is Gone Forever—How Noted Authors Are Breaking into the Game*

By ALICE WELLMAN BLACK



YOU can't write a novel today that you wrote ten years ago, and you can't make a motion picture today that was made ten years ago.

"Do you remember the hero of the silent drama, with his wide-brimmed sombrero?"—and here Rupert Hughes got up from his chair and left the room. This was a ticklish moment for the interviewer, who thought he had been deserted. But no—

Slowly the door opened, slowly a head emerged into the room. It was the stalwart figure of Rupert Hughes, in his straw hat, acting the screen hero of the vaunted sombrero. Slowly the door opened wide enough for the full figure of the man, and slowly the right hand rose to the hat and as slowly was the hat removed. The hero gave vent to a slow smile and slowly crossed the room, placing his hat with slow dignity upon the table.

The interviewer was inclined to be hysterical. "You see," said Rupert Hughes, "you can't do that any more on the screen. They used to use miles of film picturing just such a scene as that, and it was all right in its day, because it was something new to see anything flashed on the screen. It was wonderful. People enjoyed it for years—but they don't enjoy it any more. The novelty has worn off."

"For a long time people were very much excited to watch the chase of villain or hero and follow him thru miles of scenery, but I think they are beginning to be fed up on scenery. What people want today is the story. Already many of the leading American fiction writers have been called upon for assistance by the producers. The photodrama will be made from the stories of writers who have won undoubted popularity."

"I don't mean to say that good stories are something new to the movies, but I think I can say that many good stories have been very badly done in pictures. I have been paid as high as \$10,000 for stories of mine for motion pictures, and the screen story was nothing at all like the story I had written about. There was nothing left but the title and the names of the characters. The characters themselves were changed."

"Who is to blame for that?" I asked. Mr. Hughes puffed his cigar for a second or two before he answered. "The scenario writers are a good deal to blame, but also conditions under which they worked. I suppose the story goes thru this process: Say that the story is a tale of the sea and opens with a scene on a yacht. In the center of the play there is a shipwreck and the characters are next seen on a desert island. The scenario writer takes up this

story and says, 'Our last picture had a yacht scene in it. This one will have to be on a Pullman car. Instead of a shipwreck, we will have a train wreck. Now, instead of a desert island, we'll have a train wreck in the heart of Chicago.'

"Now, the hero of the original story is a fisherman sailing his boat. Says the scenario editor, 'We don't care for the low life. We will make the hero a wealthy man's son and put him on a powerful motor boat.'

"In the new order of things we shall at least stick to the story the author started to tell, no matter how much we may be able to improve it in motion pictures. In accordance with our plan, I myself consulted with the scenario writer on the continuity for the adaptation of 'The Cup of Fury,' and went to the Goldwyn studios in California."

Did Mr. Hughes think that titles and captions were important to pictures?

"Surely," said he, "if you can put the Encyclopedia Britannica on the screen and hold the attention of the audience, well and good. Words often have as great appeal as pictures, but the fellow who has been writing these captions for the photoplays must be getting about \$25 a week, judging from the quality of his work. And he never uses the original author's lines. I know that from experience. Many of my stories have been done on the screen, but I have yet to see a line of mine flashed on the silver sheet. It seems to be a part of the religion of the scenario department to change everything the author wrote."

"Now, the business of writing captions is extremely important. First of all, it is a problem to say a great deal in a few words. It is also a question of saying these few words in the right order. If you have ever tried to write comedy lines, you know that you never get a laugh until the sentence is framed in a very special way. The humor of pictures will be greatly advanced when more attention is paid to the humorous lines."

"When I was in Washington I was very much interested to see the laughs that the lines from the *Literary Digest*, as shown on the screen, got from all kinds of people. Those lines struck the common chord in the minds of coal heavers, and cabinet officers; the lady in silk laughed with the washwoman. And the same people were tremendously bored by the supposedly funny comedy situation in the two-reel 'scream' that followed."

"You can't go wrong in your appeal to the motion picture public if you are sincere. What the motion picture drama needs is more sincerity and better continuity."



RUPERT HUGHES

An eminent author with his favorite horse. Taken at Mt. Kisco, New York. His first production will be "The Cup of Fury"



*America Must Not Forget*

# There is Another League of Nations

*Whose Covenant None Will Attack—the International League of the Red Cross*

By JOHN ANDREW KILBAIN

**T**HE light of the Cross reclaimed for the Christian civilization in Palestine pointed the way with the glow of sacrificial blood for future work of the Red Cross." The words were spoken to me in a tongue I did not understand, but in the eyes of M. Paul Deschanel, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, France, I read the spirit of the sentence translated by gestures and the musical cadence of liquid phrases. The tribute brought to my mind scenes in our country aroused during the Red Cross drive on the last Christmas of war times.

One big thing that impressed Europe and the world concerning America during the war was the successful "drives" among the folks at home. The whole-hearted manner in which the people of the United States poured out their dollars in voluntary contributions re-echoed the challenge an American years ago sent hurtling around the globe, "Millions for defence, but not one penny for tribute." Then a king was driven from his throne—now a Kaiser's power is broken. And these were the drives fought with gold which held in check the murderous man-drives of military-mad Germany.

When the Red Cross work was placed under the direction of Mr. H. P. Davison, he calmly and decisively announced at the start that ten million dollars must be raised. Even the United States, accustomed as it was to big figures and big things, caught its breath. Mr. Davison had the world-vision. He realized the plans must be commensurate with the giving power of the nation—proportionate for the responsibilities of a world-war and what would naturally follow. The development of the Red Cross was the pre-eminent factor in preserving the voluntary and initiative spirit of the new world, even with a selective draft in operation for raising armies.

The scope of the Red Cross development is one of the most hopeful signs of future civilization. When the armistice was signed and peace deliberations were begun, Mr. Davison was called to Europe. A paragraph was inserted in the League of Nations recognizing the needs that automatically outlined the

future of the International Red Cross—the organization which was formed with headquarters at Geneva—the seat of the League of Nations. The United States was honored in the selection of Mr. Davison as president of the International Red Cross League. It will give this country a vital influence in

## Davison a New World Leader

*Before the war Henry P. Davison was chiefly known as a successful business man and banker—a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, Wall Street. In two years he has been transferred from mere leadership in the cold realm of finance to the High Command of the world's great Army of Mercy—the International Red Cross League. He began his remarkable career as a lowly bank teller in New York City*

augmenting the operation of the League of Nations, or any other alliance based upon the broad principles of humanity.

All nations in this league are pledged to encourage the International Red Cross organization by popular stimulation for the improvement of humanity, prevention of disease, and betterment of world conditions. The question is often asked these days: What is the Red Cross going to do now the war is over? The questioners little realize that the work of the

Red Cross is as broad in its peace-time scope as in war times. With the headquarters located at Geneva, Switzerland, the Red Cross becomes, in fact, a League of Nations itself. The first purpose includes the world-wide development of the organization. The medical work under one executive is divided into departments, under the direction of an expert, covering all the different activities—child welfare, sanitation, infectious diseases. With this international "clearing house," the most remote chapter of the Red Cross of the United States enjoys equal advantages in every other country, coming from concentrated world-power knowledge. This includes securing the serums as they are discovered, and looking to the prevention of plagues and disease. The research departments are constantly at work, putting at the disposal of humanity what is surely the greatest work of human machinery ever known. The exhaustive and extensive investigations of the Rockefeller Institute and all other agencies are utilized by the International Red Cross. All the laboratory discoveries



Permission of American Red Cross

DISTRIBUTING AMERICAN RED CROSS FOOD TO REFUGEES PASSING THROUGH ANCONA  
Both the Italian and American Red Cross managed this distribution, bringing food to the crowded trains on their way out of Venice to points farther south

and investigations are available for use in the smallest town, village, or hamlet, as well as the largest metropolis in every land.

The recent work of the Red Cross in Serbia disclosed the fact that there is only one water system in that country, located at Belgrade, the capital. These conditions explain the cause of the plague of typhus fever that has wiped out more than half the population of this country, and indicates the universal scope of the future Red Cross activities.

This organization has kept aglow the spirit of humanity universal, evidenced when the people of all the countries give so unreservedly and generously for the work. With the central organization located in Geneva, easy access is obtained for the territory where the work of the Red Cross—that of restoring people to normal healthy conditions—is most needed in these days following the war. The thirty organizations in Poland, helping this nation, re-born out of the traditions of the past, to adjust itself to the conditions of today, eliminate the handicaps of one new nation struggling with its problems alone. Based upon these broad principles without governmental red tape to interfere in the elastic conditions necessary to meet emergencies, supported by voluntary contributions entirely, is an expression of a common democracy that will help in a great measure to make the world safe for a common humanity.

The vision that Mr. Davison sees in all this is most inspiring. As the people of all the Allied countries have developed the habit of giving to the Red Cross, the expansion of the work under a cohesive international organization is a logical evolution. The distinction of wearing the little Red Cross button in all the various countries is a declaration of membership in a world-wide

organization that is appreciated by every individual, from the tiny tot who collected her pennies for the Red Cross, to the magnate with his millions. Every man, woman and child will feel the impulse at Christmastime to make Red Cross contributions. The habit and impulse already exists. No one would think of purchasing Christmas presents without contributing a tithe for Red Cross.

In preserving this world-wide spirit of generous giving, the Red Cross drives have become an established feature of Yuletide rejoicing, commemorating the day when in the blue dawn of Bethlehem came the glorious gift of Galilee. The ideal of the Cross in Palestine has permeated the most remote corners of the earth in its purpose of humanity, irrespective of race or creed. There will be no nation too small or too poor to feel that thrill of satisfaction that comes with giving something every year to a work that knows no national boundaries, and responds so effectively to the God-given ideals of humanity growing out of the great war.

Thru this organization will be stimulated the science of right living, and development along the lines of enduring and permanent progress. The nations of the world will go forward arm-in-arm, under the banner of the Red Cross, ready to meet and succor distress wherever it may be found, with but one object in view—an object as all-embracing as humanity, responding to the appeal of those in need.

The Red Cross legions will truly become world crusaders, making kindly acts and deeds as universal in their appeal as the holly and evergreen at Christmas time, celebrating the joy of the world in response to God's own promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."



Copyright,  
Harris & Ewing H. P. DAVISON  
President of International Red Cross League

## Adolph Zukor Once Swept Floors in a Fur Factory

*Continued from page 348*

people must be entertained. At the same time there creeps in the great opportunity for education."

Zukor's eyes seemed to be looking thru me, into the great distance. And I imagined the whole world lay spread out there before him—ready to be conquered by the flickering films.

How far that vision extended, I have reason to know. For in London, a few weeks before, I had met his representatives, Mr. Clegg and Mr. Graham, who have done notable work in introducing American films in Europe. They were then planning a tour on the continent, believing that Russia, with one hundred and eighty million people, should have moving pictures to help combat the tides of Bolshevism. They were procuring passports and preparing for real adventure with the zest indicated in moving-picture heroes—ready for the dash to the finish.

As executive head of the largest moving-picture corporation in the world, Mr. Zukor gave generously of his time and energy in helping the government put over the Liberty Loan drives. Under his supervision, twenty-seven films were used in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, revised and retitled and distributed over the country, thru twenty-five district chairmen, covering the bookings of the various territories.

The drive at Aeolian Hall, New York, under the activities of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, netted \$150,000, while the eastern offices took in \$50,000. Dorothy Dalton's flight to Albany in a hydro-aeroplane netted \$50,000, and it was estimated that the stars and executives of the company

placed \$100,000 more. These are simple, concrete evidences of the enthusiasm of Mr. Zukor in patriotic matters concerning his adopted country. An excerpt from a letter from Hon. Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, tells the story of the government's appreciation of his work:

"The record of the motion-picture industry in this war is one of which your profession should be proud, and a goodly share of the credit for this record belongs to you and the committee which you so ably headed."

Mr. Zukor decides questions with an intuition born of experience; for every phase of the industry that has become seventh in importance of all the leaders in the United States is as familiar to him as his own hand. He has been able to make Paramount Pictures equal to its name, and was the first to exploit moving pictures in a nation-wide poster campaign. Napoleonic in his conception in conducting campaigns, he proceeds with the same courage with which he looked for his first job in New York.

The efficient organization capable of handling the gigantic task of furnishing new pictures every week for twenty million people in the United States and the millions more in Europe, must have its finger pressed hard on the public pulse. Pictures are revealing that, after all, the human heart beats the same the world over. Thru the screen, nations of the world will come to better understanding each other, and their peoples will come to realize that the only place for war, with its bitter and bloody memories, is in the pictures of the past.



*Seven Hundred Orphaned or Fatherless  
Children Have Found the Pot of Gold in*

# The Rainbow-land of Mooseheart

*There's Nothing Else Like It in the World*



ILLIONS of eyes that have shed tears in reading Charles Dickens' stories of the waifs in charitable institutions, or James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie," would have seen hope and sunshine beyond the wall if they could have looked upon the scene I witnessed in the Fox River Valley in the month of June, A.D. 1919.

On the prairies of Illinois, at Mooseheart, were gathered thousands of delegates attending the annual convention of the Loyal Order of Moose. The entrance to "Mother Mooseheart" was resplendent with flags and bunting. The bands were playing. The children were playing and singing. It was a veritable encampment of a legion that has caught the broad spirit of "out doors." The rugged rocks at the gateway were adorned with bronze tablets engraved with the names of the various lodges of the Loyal Order of Moose that had contributed to this great work of giving a real home and an education to orphans.

In all the world I know of nothing like it, for here the children have a home that is a home in every sense of the word. All the dark pictures of Dickens' child struggles, and the heart-rending stories of the orphan asylum, are here brushed aside in the bright glow of the vision of Director General James J. Davis, when Mooseheart became a reality.

The meetings were held in the new auditorium—one of the handsomest in the West. Seven hundred children as hosts was a living inspiration of a hospitality unheralded and unparalleled. In that assembly were delegates from every state thrilled with the desire to do even more than they had done after that heart-touching appeal by Mr. Davis for twenty more dormitories and for a House of God, in which all creeds could worship. The dedication of the new hospital, presented by the Philadelphia Lodge, under the leadership of that masterful and beloved Dictator, James W. Ford, set the pace to fill the horizon of appurtenances widened every year.

As we drove about the broad acres, we found little old farm houses that might have been lonesome abodes, transformed, as if by magic, into homes for children. D. W. Griffith's little heroine in "Broken Blossoms" of the Lime House district would have found what her little heart sought in these surroundings. The impulse to go with the boys to the swimming pool could not be resisted, and en route they recited to me Riley's poem of the "old swimmin' hole." To frolic with these healthy, red-

blooded youths seemed as if I had turned backwards old Time in its flight on that day. The fields were smiling with the promise of the harvest, and no wonder the little fellows—from the smallest to the largest—expressed over and over again an intense love for their farmhouse, which is not altogether prevalent in the old-time isolated agricultural life of America. May not Mooseheart suggest an idea for making more alluring the rural pursuits in grouping the families into communities of this sort, which will solve the problem of keeping more people on the land to produce food and sustenance for the increasing millions?

A resolution was unanimously passed appropriating over a million dollars in individual assessments in order to go on with the work. This doubled their dues, but they believed in it, because it spelled "duty" enveloped with the consciousness of loving service.

Can you imagine anything more tragic than one man—a miner from West Virginia—in his desperation remarking: "I have seven motherless children at home. I have worked and worked to keep that family together, but it seems so hard. Oh, if I could only bring them here?" But as long as he lives the rules would not permit it, because the orphans and fatherless children come first. He realized this and said desperately: "I almost feel sometimes like giving up my life, so as to have my children come here."

It was just one continuous assembly of splendid Fraternalism carved out to a definite and concrete purpose. When the lads and lassies remembered the former visit of the "fat guy," and greeted me with a shout, "Hello Mr. Chapple!" it was a recognition that thrilled me more than the nod of an emperor or the smile of a queen.

As I passed the different halls and saw the children playing on the verandas, on the spacious lawns, in the sand piles, I thought where can you find a parallel picture? There may be grand homes on the boulevards in cities; there may be great estates in the country, but where do you find that picture of happy, healthy children to adorn these architectural triumphs, which seem more like mausoleums, without a ring of laughter of happy children's voices.

Every sunrise and every sunset witnesses progress at Mooseheart.

The luncheon served by the children recalled the hospitality



Bright-eyed, fair-haired girls and strong, manly boys make up the happy Mooseheart family



of "The House Beside the Road," where everyone was "a friend to man." The draught of rich pure milk tells the story of the lusty health of the children at Mooseheart.

Their eyes reflected something not found in the ordinary audience, but the band of fifty pieces played Sousa's masterpieces with a tempo and spirit that was reassuring. The students assembly passing in a somber judicial manner upon the demerits of their fellow members reflected a spirit of embryonic democracy, that is good citizenship in the making.

Mooseheart represents a wealth of untold millions, in achievements already attracting the attention of the governments of the world in their plans for the education and care of children. Here human nature seems to be close to Nature; here is human nature harmonized for the sterner and sweeter responsibilities of life.

The first class of Mooseheart graduates, five sturdy lads, represented the Moose pledge fulfilled—"a high school education and a vocation"—trained and equipped for the battle of life. Loth to leave beloved Mooseheart—the home ties can never be broken.

The Alumni of Mooseheart will represent a distinctive Alumnus more individual indeed than that of Harvard and Yale, Cambridge or Oxford. In fact, the six

hundred thousand members of the Loyal Order of Moose constitutes the largest Alumni in the world. Every one has done his part in fulfilling the pledge that gave to the world Mooseheart, a master key to modern education.



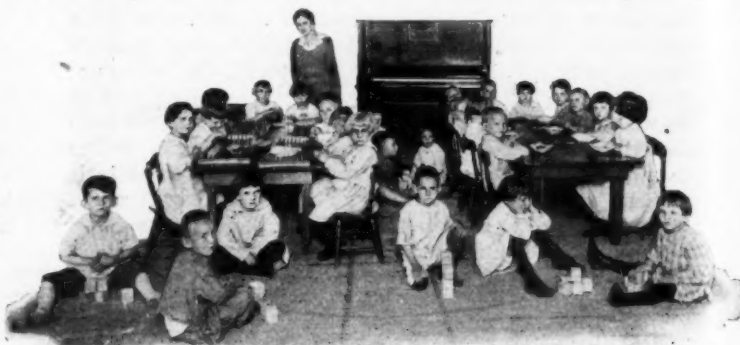
"Somebody's babies" are having the "wonderfulest" time

At the nursery with these little ones from two to four, climbing on my lap, putting their little arms around my neck, giving the loving affection of fatherless children, do you wonder that the visitors have to be driven out after staying their limit?

Here were the little babes from Panama, Alaska and various states, each one with its tragedy. As I sat on the veranda a vision of the future of these children came to me. That little struggling mass of a few pounds of flesh saved for a useful life—what greater work in the world, what greater humanity!

There were fathers, who as delegates to the convention, stood with tears in their eyes longing that the little motherless group at home might come to "Mother Mooseheart" and enjoy the heritage of childhood which no wealth or position could surpass in its supreme advantages.

I have faced audiences in all parts of the world—in Italy, France, England and also in every state in the Union—but my heart went pit-a-pat when the children in the assembly called me from the throng for a speech.



Playtime in "Rainbow Land"

## THE NURSE

HE thought he was home—  
Kept kissing her hand;  
'Twas meant for another—  
You understand!  
Embarrassed, of course,  
But what could she do,  
The hand he was kissing  
Was pulling him thru.

*Everybody takes an interest in*

## Affairs and Folks

*Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world*

**F**UTURIST stories will be of especial interest to students of new forms in art and literature, for it has been only here and there that developments of this new writing have appeared. Fine examples exist in Russian and in French, but so far very little in English, except thru translation. Futurism is a force in art to be reckoned with. Its happiest, most free medium is literature. It is close to a mode of thinking, and of seeing, and of remembering, that is characteristic of our time.

Miss Reed's stories have little to do with exoteric details of life. They are of what goes on in the uncharted regions of the mind. In one story, "Incalculable," an unaccountable, intense interest springs forward in a man's mind at seeing a woman's name on the fly-leaf of a second-hand book. Could it be that of a child he had seen long ago in a mining camp and forgotten—a red-haired, stage-struck child? So he searches, watches, tries every clue—never telling of it—never able to fathom why—and at last gives up, not knowing. Years afterward a fellow-traveler mentions his name, the same as that of the girl, and a strange, tragic story comes out. In another story, "Something Provincial," a young clerk's soul finds an unsuspected streak of independence in his vague imagination. He is a man by that. "Ashes"—the titles are as etching-like as the tales themselves—shows the remembrance of a fire that has gone out in the heart. No pain, no yearning, no pity. The gap is utter. Something was, but is no more.

Events that are so slight and yet so potent in one's destiny make up the material of the book. They are the events of the soul, evanescent, everlasting. Miss Reed has told them in words as fleeting, as unconnected as those very moods and moments of the mysterious inner life.

In "Futurist Stories" are new substances for fiction. Not the invention and not the imagination, but certain gleams in the consciousness back of these faculties are the substance of her art. True to the fitful nature of these inner experiences, and true also to

their importance, Miss Reed tells them for what they are worth, without subjecting them to inventive additions of literary development.

It must be granted that this young author has made her own style by writing, as some reviewer has said of her, with soul.

\* \* \* \*

**T**HERE will be many eminent men from Europe visiting the United States during the coming year, but none of them will be more welcome because of his record of achievement

than Georg Frolich, of Christiania, Norway. During the World War I heard in Paris and Bordeaux of the activities of this sturdy son of Norway, who did so much to provide the Allies with the munitions needed at the most critical time.

At the age of seventy-five, after an unusually active life, Georg Frolich, with his wife and two children, decided to travel for one year in the United States. With his initiative, he plans to inspect the large industrial centers and the national parks of America from Canada to the Panama Canal, and will fulfill his dreams of spending a winter in southern California and Florida in the good old United States. In other words, Georg Frolich is going to make an exploration of the United States, and then will continue his trip for one year thru the Orient.

In the Norwegian papers frequently for many years have appeared tributes to Mr. Frolich. He is a man of large affairs, and counted one of the strongest business geniuses in northern Europe. For more than a generation he was the owner of the largest gunpowder works in Scandinavia. A short time ago he sold his plant. He had given to the Allied cause all that years of experience had taught him, and retired with the grateful appreciation of the nations he served.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Frolich was called to construct a munition plant at Bordeaux, France, and in spite of his age, and the attendant dangers of traveling



MISS MARGERY VERNER REED

Whose sensational first book, "Futurist Stories," was recently issued by a New York publisher as the most startling and daring work of the year. Miss Reed is a Denver girl, daughter of the late Verner Reed, multi-millionaire mining and oil magnate. She is a graduate of the University of Denver and a linguist of considerable note. Miss Reed is now at her ranch home at Sheridan, Wyoming, adding the finishing touches to her next book, a volume of short stories, which will be issued shortly under the title of "Undercurrents"



by water, during the war he crossed the submarine-infested North Sea at least four times a year with dauntless spirit.

Early in the war he was called by the Czar to provide explosives for Russia, and built many of the state-owned munition plants there. Years ago he outfitted and led expeditions into Africa and Siberia, exploring for commercial possibilities with the true spirit of his Norse forebears. Many large industries in Scandinavia have been built by Georg Frolich. His name



GEORG FROLICH

*Of Christiania, Norway, munition manufacturer, and one of the strongest business geniuses of northern Europe—now traveling with his family for a year in the United States*

is synonymous with Norwegian initiative. Twenty-eight years ago he built the first American-constructed building in Christiania, which was ceremoniously opened at that time by the Norwegian King and the American Consul. It was the first steel and concrete constructed building with elevators in all Scandinavia. Thru the investigations and experiments of Georg Frolich, smokeless powder was developed, and he marketed the first smokeless powder of commerce in the world. While his activities reach back for many years, having furnished whaling fleets the world over with shells and ammunition, he is close in touch with the world activities of today. His work exemplifies the Norse daring that breathes in the tang of the seven seas and brought the world to their remote shores.

This is Mr. Frolich's first visit to America, and he has looked forward to it for many years. He will visit his son, Mr. George Frolich of the United Drug Company, who, in his world travels and his experiences, has proven a true son of his father, and carried on the tradition of his forefathers. Mr. Frolich, the son, in his work for the Red Cross during the war received the highest commendation from the head of the department. His technical knowledge saved many millions of dollars in purchases, and he dispatched the supplies where they were urgently needed in record time. In purchasing and shipping within a few weeks, two million dollars' worth of pharmaceutical and hospital supplies to Siberia, he added another record. Mr. George Frolich will find in his son, who has lived for thirty years in America, one of the most typical and loyal Americans that ever saluted the flag and called it his own land. Father and son meeting under the American flag, in this stirring time, on

American soil, fulfills the vision they had when the self-reliant young son sailed for the new world, determined that America should be his future home.

\* \* \* \*

FOR over half a century the school teachers of the United States have met in "Convention assembled." The National Education Association, at its 1919 annual meeting in Milwaukee, was a notable gathering. The great auditorium, filled with school teachers, was an inspiring assemblage, when you realized that there were the individuals who have more to do with the destiny of the country than any other one class. The proceedings possessed an interest not evident in the conventional convention routine. The great work of the war revealed that the American doughboy is the supreme product of the American schools. Imbued with ideals which these teachers had implanted, they had reason to be proud of their boys as they related the various stories of the school service flags.

The stirring address of Dr. Strayer, president of the Association, sounded the keynote. He ardently advocated the Towner bill now pending before Congress, to create a Department of Education. It provides that the head of this new department shall be a member of the President's Cabinet, and for taking over the Department of Education and all matters relating to school work, including physical and educational instruction in the principles of health sanitation with school nurses and dental clinics. The measure naturally received the unanimous approval of the association. Every individual interested in schools should do something toward helping to take this necessary step of preparing for carrying on the great work of the American schools.

The various exhibits revealing the advancement in the manner and method of education were thoroly inspected by the teachers.

It seemed a far cry from the old wooden benches and "three R's" to the work of today. One could not mingle with the teachers without a feeling of gratification that American boys and girls are enjoying the modern advantages that prepare them to meet modern conditions. The sentiment and action favorable to the increase of pay for teachers is coming slow but sure. It was a sad commentary on American institutions to realize that janitors were in some instances paid more than teachers who had been teaching many years successfully. If this continues, how can it be expected that the youth of America will be eager for an education, when the pecuniary reward promised for unskilled and uneducated labor is more than that of the trained minds? The immutable law of compensation will adjust these matters.

These gatherings are the one outing that the teachers look forward to during the long months of routine work. The addresses at the Convention were not only delivered, but carefully digested by the hearers, who took copious notes, as they made every minute count. The few leisure moments and excursions add much to the efficiency in taking back to the school



GEORGE DRAYTON STRAYER

*Professor of Educational Administration at the Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City*



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL  
JAMES G. B. LAMPERTCAPTAIN  
BENJAMIN H. LAMPERTMAJOR  
LESTER L. LAMPERTLIEUTENANT  
FLORIAN LAMPERT, JR.MIDSHIPMAN  
PHILIP DEWEY LAMPERT

new ideas. If there ever was a public service that would seem to decree a decoration of merit from the government for self-sacrificing service for the people, it is the school teacher giving himself or herself unreservedly to the work of helping to make the citizenship of the future.

\* \* \*

WHEN the parents of Florian Lampert, a Representative of the United States Congress, arrived in Wisconsin in 1840 from Switzerland, and built their rude hut of logs in the woods, they little realized that five grandsons would serve as officers in the United States Army and Navy in the same war, under the American flag. At West Bend, Wisconsin, the son, Florian, was born in 1863. In 1875 this son began work in a shoe store, and when twenty-one, having reached his majority, launched in business for himself. As a busy business man he was called upon to hold various public offices, including comptroller of Oshkosh, sheriff of Winnebago County, presidential elector and messenger for Wisconsin in 1898. He was councilman in Oshkosh for six years. Nominated and elected to Congress in 1918 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Honorable James H. Davidson, and to fill the full term of the sixty-sixth Congress, he has launched a most promising congressional career.

In 1885 he married Miss Mary C. Vetter, and the fruit of this union was five sons and two daughters. All of the five sons were officers in the United States Army and Navy during the war.

The eldest son, James G. B. Lampert, graduated from West Point in 1910, and served in the regular army until 1917. He was detailed for service in France, and promoted to the rank of captain and later major. In 1918 he was made lieutenant-colonel, and died at Toul, France, while serving with the American Expeditionary Forces, but not before he had distinguished himself in his country's service. The designing of a lightweight pontoon bridge, used with success by the First Army in their last offensive against the Germans, brought the praise of the United States government and the Distinguished Service Medal. Lieutenant-Colonel James G. B. is the

golden star in the group of five stars that the mother, sisters and father wear.

The second son, Benjamin Harrison Lampert, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin in civil engineering. He was commissioned first lieutenant less than one month after entering the service in May, 1917, commissioned captain in July, 1917, serving from February, 1918, to March, 1919, with the 507th and 15th Engineers. He was detailed to special duty as assistant engineer, supply officer at London, England, and as resident engineer in charge of hospital construction at Codford, St. Mary, England, and for several months was in charge of the camp at Brest, France.

Lester L. Lampert, the third son, also followed his brother in choosing a military career. He graduated from West Point in 1914. He served during the war in France, receiving the commission of major.

Florian Lampert, Jr., the fourth son, left the University of Illinois, where he was studying, to answer the call to arms.

He enlisted as a private in the machine gun company of the 340th Infantry, and on July, 1918, received his commission as first lieutenant of infantry.

Philip Dewey Lampert, the youngest of the five sons, left the high school at Oshkosh and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis and became a midshipman in June, 1917; he will graduate in June, 1920.

These five sons, with two daughters, Phoebe E. Lampert and Jessie M., constitute the family of Congressman Florian Lampert.

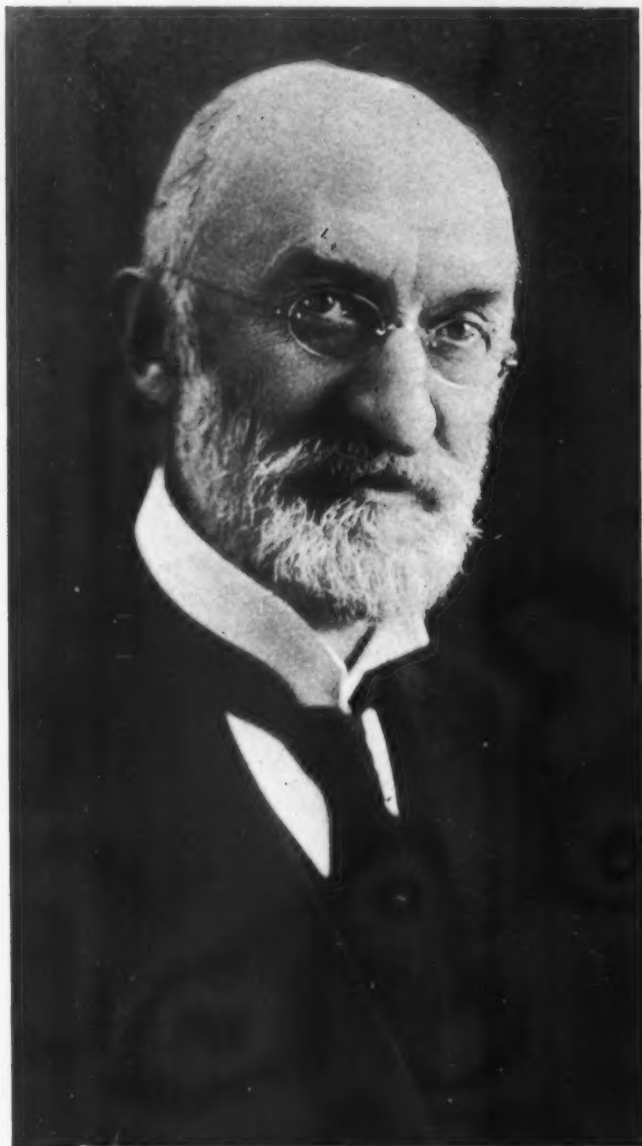
While speaking of his family, it must not be forgotten that Florian Lampert as chairman of the Committee on Election of President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress, is a man highly qualified for the work. He has always taken an active and enthusiastic interest in politics and has been regarded as a leader who knew how to obtain results.

What a proud moment it would have been for the Swiss grandparents if they could have realized the splendid record that has been made by their son and his children in the upbuilding and preservation of the republic which they sought to call home for their children and children's children.



FLORIAN LAMPERT  
Member of Congress, sixth district of Wisconsin, father of five officers in the United States Army and Navy

WHEN the book "Heart Throbs" first appeared, there came a letter from out of the West. It was written by one who appreciated its purpose, and the title of the book told the story to him. He ordered a number of copies for his friends, insisting that the best remembrance one could give a friend was



HEBER J. GRANT

*Of Salt Lake City, President of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, who has served as a missionary in Great Britain, Mexico and Japan*

something suggestive of endearing acquaintance to remind one, not only of the giver, but of the verse and prose they admired in common represented in the selections in "Heart Throbs." The correspondence led to a long-distance acquaintance. When I stopped off at Salt Lake City, on a coast commuting trip, I called on Mr. Heber J. Grant, the man who knew how to write a publisher. The personality of the tall, kindly and vigorous man more than fulfilled my anticipations. He made me understand and love Salt Lake City—the place of his birth. At that time he was prominent in the councils of the Mormon Church. The correspondence continued, and every time I thought of Salt Lake City, I thought of Grant. Upon my return from overseas I learned that my friend had been elected president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, a recognition of his long service as a member in the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Heber J. Grant was born in Salt Lake City in 1856, and while his opportunities for education were limited, he acquired a fair education in the Deseret University, now the University of Utah. He had grown to maturity in his native state of

Utah, and had been a leading figure in the development of the church and public affairs. He became the youngest state president in the church, having in charge the church affairs in Tooele County at the early age of twenty-three. He has served as a missionary in Great Britain, Mexico, and Japan. He also presided over the European Mission, spent over two years in the Orient, and has labored among the Indians. In fact, there are few men more of a cosmopolite than Mr. Grant.

President Grant started his business career as an office boy, and at one time acted as assistant cashier of Zion's Savings Bank & Trust Company. He was the organizer of the State Bank of Utah, and its first president. This institution has since merged with the Utah State National Bank. He has been identified with American industrial business operations, and was especially prominent in the development of the Home Fire Insurance Company, now the Utah Home Fire Insurance Company, and has been its president from the day of its organization. His firm hand had much to do with directing the fiscal affairs of the church in trying times, and during the late war was state chairman in two Liberty Loan drives.

When Maude Adams was at the zenith of her popularity, she extended complimentary invitations to Heber J. Grant and other friends of her childhood, including members of the Tabernacle Choir, to pay her a visit.

Mr. Grant is a strong, sturdy type of man, whose administration of affairs will be notable in the annals of his church, no matter where or how they are directed.

\* \* \* \*

DURING the summer days I visited Lancaster, New Hampshire, the birthplace of former Senator John W. Weeks. The village has a charm indescribable. How one could be lured away from such a place, it is not easy to understand.

Senator Weeks' home is on the summit of a mountain. Nearby is located a tower from which may be obtained one of the most wonderful views in the White Mountains. Three ranges of mountains are presented in panorama, varied by every color and shade of cloud, sky and foliage. Small wonder it is that Senator Weeks should champion the legislation preserving the beauties of the White Mountains for future generations.

In an address presenting a library building to the town—given in honor of his father—Senator Weeks paid a tribute to his old home, insisting that while he was not insensible in youth to the beautiful environments of his birth, extensive travel and even residence in three removed sections of

the United States has only served to enhance the charm of the New Hampshire village. Among the old friends and neighbors, John Weeks is beloved, for in Lancaster they are proud of this boy who went out into the world and achieved.

Artemus Ward was one of the editors of Lancaster's newspaper, the *Cook County Democrat*—another distinction of which the community is justly proud.



FORMER SENATOR JOHN W. WEEKS

*Champion of legislation for preserving the beauties of the White Mountains*



Lancaster was settled soon after the Revolutionary War, and the pioneers knew something about life among the Indians. We never outgrow a love of Indian stories. Year by year the traditions and legends become more mythical, but there are always some ardent enthusiasts who are looking out for posterity in preserving the Indian stories. "Metallak, the lone Indian of the Magalloway," is the inscription on a monument near Lancaster to perpetuate the memory of the last of the Coo-ash-aukes. Thus late some have come to do honor to an Indian who plays a part in the legends of the hills and passed his last days in the middle of the last century. The monument which was erected by John H. Emerson of Lancaster, who had delved into the history of the old warrior, stands on the heights of Stewartstown, over the grave where the white men placed the body.

Metallak was a St. Francis Indian who wandered from the tribe and travelled thru unknown wilds to northern New Hampshire. He traversed paths today unknown except to hunters and trappers. He married one of the fair daughters of the tribe and to them came a son and daughter. The son left to join the palefaces and the daughter went to the home of another chief. Metallak was left alone with his wife, as in the march of time the remnant of the tribe become scattered. His wife died and the old warrior, half blind, left the old abode and wandered southward to "Cohos."

There he built a hut, and altho infirm was able to gather his daily sustenance. He was but occasionally seen by hunters. In 1846 two hunters found him lying in the woods where he had fallen in such a way as to destroy the sight of his remaining eye. He was taken to Stewartstown and cared for the remainder of his life. This was the ending of the lone Indian who had been one of the bravest and most alert chiefs among the Coo-ash-aukes.

When Lancaster celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary in 1914, "Metallak" was prominently cast into the historical play dealing with the early settlement of that town. A very strong social club in Lancaster bears the name of Metallak as also do lakes and mountains in northern New Hampshire.

\* \* \* \*

IT was during the stirring days following Seicheprey that I found Captain Edwin H. Cooper of the staff of General Clarence R. Edwards on the firing line in France. Never will I forget his telephone message to headquarters at Bocque when he was looking after some of the boys at the hospital who had been badly wounded and dying—cheering them with the words of a comrade.

Captain Cooper was an exceedingly popular staff officer among the men, and the appreciation of his chief, General Edwards, tells the story of his unsurpassed war services. He was always alert and always on the job, and if there was something extra to do in the way of securing photographs and aiding the invisible eye to follow the activities of the enemy, Captain Cooper was on the job. It was Captain Cooper who, armed with his camera, sallied forth for a photograph of the enemy trenches, and as he approached and placed his camera in position, the Germans thought it was a new kind of American spindle-legged machine gun and threw up their hands and cried "Kamerad." So Captain Cooper's civilian vocation played a part in his triumph as a soldier in khaki.

The pictures that Captain Cooper furnished the government during his services are counted as the rarest and most complete collection of photographs secured at the American front. There never was an occasion or emergency that his camera was not in action, and future historians and readers of history will have reason to thank the pleasant, dimpled-faced man with firm-set jaws for many pictures taken under fire that will eliminate controversy regarding many phases of the Americans' participation in the world war.

\* \* \* \*

WHILE a new generation of veterans is organizing to perpetuate the comradeship of the World War, the Grand Army of the Republic, often mentioned as the "vanishing army," is swiftly nearing the end of its quiet march of

peace. The question comes, "When the last Grand Army man has passed to the final bivouac, what will become of their faithful auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, the oldest and largest patriotic body of women in the United States?"

For several years the membership of that organization hovered so closely about one hundred and sixty thousand, without notable loss or gain, that many believed that those figures marked the crest of its progression. The looked-for decline



Photo by  
Garo, Boston

CAPTAIN EDWARD H. COOPER

Official photographer with the Twenty-sixth Division on the firing line in France

and fall seems to have been at least postponed, for a gain of something like fifteen thousand new members is now reported from various parts of the country.

Perhaps the World War furnished the impetus. But there is more than a suspicion that the energy and general up-to-date-ness of its latest president, Mrs. Eliza Brown Daggett, is largely responsible. Mrs. Daggett's executive ability found expression in the quarter of the Woman's Relief Corps. She was fully qualified for this service. Four years' work as national secretary, one year as senior vice-president, another as a member of the executive committee, besides her early work as secretary of the Department of New York and National Senior Aide, fitted her for a notable administration.

Being a slight woman of genial presence, a casual observer might not rate Mrs. Daggett as a leader of women, but one is impressed by her alertness and her businesslike grasp of existing conditions. She is fearless and loyal to every obligation. These

characteristics, united with her indomitable energy, industry and enthusiasm, make a winning combination.

Questioned concerning her methods, she said: "In all public work, I have aimed at reliability. I also intend to be prompt, and to those associated with me I show every courtesy to which



MRS. ELIZA BROWN DAGGETT  
National President of the Woman's Relief Corps

their office entitles them, and I find no difficulty in securing the necessary co-operation. My interest in the Woman's Relief Corps increases as I visualize more clearly its wonderful possibilities. As ours was the first society of women to introduce and promote patriotic teaching in the schools, we still feel the responsibility resting upon us that we should help in making every child loyal to one country, one language, and one flag, and that the red flag of anarchy or that of any unfriendly nation shall find no resting-place within our borders. The mothers in the homes and the teachers in the schools, teaching love of country by example and precept, can do much for the democracy, safety and peace of the nation, and it is just this which the women of the Relief Corps have been doing for thirty-six years."

Mrs. Daggett is a native of Rochester, New York, but for thirty years resided in Chicago. Her first husband was a veteran of the Civil War. She has one son, and a grandson, who has just returned from service in France.

A sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Fulton, of Geneseo, New York, has also served a term as national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, and now holds the office of counsellor on Mrs. Daggett's staff. Mrs. Daggett now resides in Attleboro, Massachusetts.

\* \* \* \*

**D**URING the trying days of the war there were few American Consuls abroad whose ability counted for greater work than the American Consul in London. Mr. Robert T. Skinner, the busiest man in the British metropolis, was found at the American Consul in Cavendish Square. From cellar to garret papers of vital and historical importance were passed upon. There was the War Claim Department, where they were kept busy recording the American claims from the very beginning of the war. Thousands of dossiers tell in definite terms the commercial history of a world at war. In the same department were the various decisions of the Prize Court covering a mo-

mentous period of history. The land-mark decisions and judgments relating to concrete cases throw an important light on the future business relations of the two countries, as it crystalized during the war.

The Mercantile Marine Department, which has only been brought into existence since the war began, engrossed the talents of some of the brightest men in America, following the development of the Mercantile Marine. They, in fact, took charge of the arriving ships owned by the United States Shipping Board, and dealt direct with the American Seamen. They looked after the crews of all vessels proceeding to the United States from the point of view of national defence.

In the Commercial Correspondence Department there were men at that time engaged in re-construction plans and the work that they did at the time was included in the Peace deliberations; for they kept careful records of the purchase and sale of goods, and inquiries about American goods. All this, in addition to the normal duties of a Consul with a mass of correspondence aggregating thousands of volumes, affecting millions of people, and all the various commodities, was a gigantic task.

Over sixty thousand people passed in and out thru the Passport Department during the eventful year of 1918. A line of people one hundred feet long extending from one building to the other was a common occurrence during those days. They were expeditiously handled, and with steamers departing at irregular intervals there was naturally a congestion at times, but there was no rush that Consul Skinner was not ready to plan for. One of the charming sights during the war was to see the uniform of the Red Cross nurses, waiting for their passports to go to France during those days when the record of losses reported were appalling.

In the Military Department all the Americans in the United Kingdom were registered when the Selective Draft Act went into effect. The Consulate dealt with the British and Canadian authorities in respect to the thousands of Americans who joined the foreign armies before the United States entered the war. All these activities transacted in a consul's business office—handling millions and millions of people, and trade amounting into billions, is a record worth more than a passing note. Every phase of the activity had numberless stories of human interest.

The one thing that Consul Skinner especially commended was his staff of Americans who had prepared themselves diligently and physically for the work ahead of them. They were in deadly earnest and rendered services of incalculable value to the country. These men even sacrificed their longing and desire to go overseas and take part in the activities of the army, but there had to be some one at home to take care of that army at the front, and it was only a



Passport photo of Hon. Robert T. Skinner, American Consul General at London

master-mind like Mr. Skinner that was able to maintain his efficient corps of helpers, hailing from all parts of the United States, to keep the great machinery of the greatest American Consulate in the world in operation during these trying days.

When I went there with my passport I was greeted by the familiar messenger—a courteous colored gentleman, who was always ready with a smile of welcome, and who kept the visitors in good humor and reminded them of home. I secured Mr. Skinner's photograph—the one that appeared on the passport—which I retained as a souvenir, not only for its value for artistic photographic triumphs, but for getting the features of the man in passport aureole, who was recognized as a living passport from country to country.

Mr. Skinner hails from Ohio, but no man ever better represented the United States of America in its broadest sense, as



revealed in a record made during the days of the war at the very center of British and American war activities. With all this experience behind him, few men are more capable of coping with the questions growing out of the war than Robert T. Skinner, who regards his work and position as the paramount distinction, and Americans who were in London during the war will never forget his cool-headed and thoughtful consideration. Mrs. Skinner was very active in the work with the other ladies of the American colony, in looking after the American soldiers as they arrived or passed thru England.

The entire American Consulate revealed the alert American spirit—ready to meet all war responsibilities and to maintain a poise that affected commercial and trade relations among the Allies and nations of the earth following the war. International business relations are more or less based upon how the policies and instructions of the State Department are carried out thru efficient consular service.

\* \* \*

WHEN Ricord Gradwell entered the world, a salesman was born. After he had induced me to buy sixteen Oliver typewriters in one fell swoop, I felt that I was face to face with a man who knew how to sell things. But even the wide realm of the typewriter world was too limited for his ambition. He saw the possibilities of applying real practical executive ability and salesmanship to motion-picture production and distribution.

Ricord Gradwell was born in Virginia. He has the indomitable spirit of the old cavaliers, and when his black eyes have a certain snap and twinkle, you know that he has an idea and already discerns its possibilities. He acts quickly and decides quickly. I thought when I saw him dictate a letter, "There is one man who knows how to write a letter"—wholly unconscious of all else—he just talks it out.

"How do you do it?" I queried.

"Simply by saying what is uppermost in my mind, by visualizing the person to whom I address the letter. I will show you."

And he dictated to me there, right before my eyes, a letter that was a gem of concise unequivocal English.

"Even if you were not here," he said, "I would see you sitting there as I wrote that letter. Even with my eyes closed, I could see you."

And here I was feeling myself to be an old friend of a man whom I had met but once or twice in twenty years. But I had often heard of him, and those twenty years had mellowed our comradeship. We talked in a glow of reminiscences, as I recalled the times when he thought that the center of the world orbit was the Oliver Typewriter Plant at Woodstock. Later he discovered the ever-widening horizon of opportunity in producing and selling motion pictures.

Mr. Gradwell made good again in his new field because he knew how to glimpse the minds of the people *en masse*, as well as individually. It was no surprise when I heard he had undertaken a herculean task as president of the World Film Company. It was not long before he had grasped the big fact that the motion-picture business is a real American job for an American; that the industry has developed until it is fifth in size and importance. He soon had his sales organization in action—established in every city where his product could be advantageously distributed. He had his lines in operation for the European trade thru the International Film Company, and then he set himself the task of changing conditions in the film industry—insisting on clean, wholesome, old-fashioned "stuff," having the appeal of human interest. You know, when you hear a man apply the word "stuff" to a literary production that he has been around a newspaper office, for he himself was made of the right stuff. On his staff were men who had the selective powers that come with editorial work. When I saw one of his editors, Mr. Sarver, discussing a new play with a director, taking it up point by point, keeping in mind the people to be cast, fighting to eliminate anything that had a suggestion of a risqué, insisting that it be human all thru, then I realized why the World Film productions are pushing so rapidly into popular favor. James Whitcomb Riley's

"Orphant Annie" is an example of the high plane of World Film releases.

The thing that impressed me was that Mr. Gradwell is catching the American point of view, and that, if it can be adapted to the foreign market, well and good; but first and last and



RICORD GRADWELL  
President of the World Film Company

all the time the home market and the home folks must be considered. He is already making productions that may be used not only in the theaters, but may be distributed thru many other channels. He realizes that the homes, schools, and institutions must have a production which, while preserving educational value, shall stimulate there wholesome ideals that have made the United States what it is today. He keeps ever in mind the fact that the domestic alliances must be enthroned in every play; that the stern realities in life, in all its phases, must be met by high ideals and the will to serve. Thru the screen, the young people are beginning to know things early in life that they never dreamed of before.

At their large studios at Fort Lee, the World Film Company have demonstrated that it is possible to make good pictures in the glow of the sunrise that glints the eastern shores of the United States; proving that there is no sectional or geographical location all-essential for the production of pictures all the time. The World Film Company is well named, for its aggressive Mr. Gradwell has the world point of view; he recognizes that the popularity of his screen productions must necessarily rest with the American public. There is a zipping enthusiasm and an intelligence permeating all his work that commends itself

especially to Americans—for is he not himself an American, hailing from the Old Dominion State, christened "Mother of Presidents?" Are not presidents of film companies to be included in this all-embracing distinction? Mr. Gradwell insists that products reflecting accurately American ideals—whole-

some and integral—will find just as broad a market as any other production impressed with the all-American spirit without exploiting the vices and virtues of other nations. No wonder the American flag seemed an appropriate adornment of his office.

\* \* \*



UNCLE SAM'S REPRESENTATIVE

*This genial individual, typically American, is Ernest Lloyd Harris of Rock Island, Illinois, the United States Consul General to Siberia. The photo was taken at Vladivostok*

VIEWING the Grand Fleet of Great Britain during the war, with Admiral Hugh Rodman, from the deck of the battleship *New York*, my eyes would focus on the flags at the stern of the Fifth Division, trim and ready in battle line for the chase of the German fleet in the mists of the North Sea. Looking at this wonderful sight of seventy-six miles of battleships and cruisers of the combined fleets, I realized as never before the work of the Bureau of Service and Supplies of the Navy Department. That naturally made me think of Admiral

Sam McGowan at work in his office at Washington.

Admiral McGowan was born in South Carolina, and his rise in the navy reveals the magic of merit. Organization and co-ordination was as natural to him as baseball to Ty Cobb. His ability to meet every emergency—and war is a succession of emergencies—was as natural to him as breathing. His efficient and effective service has not been included in spectacular war records. The triumph of Admiral Sims in sounding the death knell of the submarines with destroyers and depth bombs at Queenstown base was an effect following a course. During the war the hourly requisitions of Admiral Sims were ordered filled the same day they were received and dispatched with aeroplane speed. The orders were given precedence by Admiral McGowan over all other operations in his department, to keep every want of the fleet supplied. The co-operation of the United States Bureau of Supplies won the praise and commendation of naval men in all the allied nations overseas. American sailors feasting on beefsteak and onions were training for a real fight.

In this service Admiral McGowan proved a good business man. His ability as a lawyer in early days taught him how to draw up the contracts, check up the goods, and have them delivered on the dot. There is only one hobby he will admit—that is his work. Commendation from Admiral Dewey and other officers high in authority are a natural sequence. Thomas Edison, one of his ardent admirers, has christened him "the live wire of the navy." The record of his administration far surpasses in magnitude anything ever known in the history of the United States Navy Department. Before war was actually

declared, he had his responsibilities so well defined and organized that when the war clouds broke, it was simply a matter of adding units and speeding up the machinery he had already organized for emergencies. The thousands of items required to be shipped by the navy every day were handled at the stop-watch pace, and every night the orders were filed and filled to the last button on the Jackie's blouse. The dull drudgery of routine work is truly glorified in the enthusiastic and cheery way in which Admiral McGowan gets things done in days of peace as well as war.

\* \* \*

SINCE national prohibition has become an assured fact, the production of corkscrews has increased by leaps and bounds, owing to demands of patent medicine manufacturers.

While William Rockwell Clough, millionaire head of "the corkscrew trust," will not admit that prohibition has brought about the unprecedented demand for corkscrews, he does admit that he has been forced to double his production within the past few months.

Every day twenty machines are turning out corkscrews at the rate of tens of thousands. Millions of corkscrews are made by Mr. Clough's concern annually and shipped to all parts of the world. He attributes the greatly increased business in corkscrews to the increased use of patent medicines.

\* \* \*

READERS of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will recall with interest the succeeding chapters of Willis George Emerson's story, "The Man Who Discovered Himself," which ran serially for some months in this magazine. The story has been published in book form by Forbes & Company of Chicago, since the passing of Willis George Emerson. It is by all odds the best of his books. It is a vigorous, human interest story, and the love interest never lags. It is of particular interest to the NATIONAL, for even as the manuscripts were received month by month in the office the interest in the story extended from the proof readers to the press room. This is the supreme test of a story. It is a romance concerning a man who thought he was "down and out," and tells how he goes out into the wilderness, poor in purse and broken in health. Indomitable in his resolve to win health he comes back and discovers himself and begins a new career. It has a real message of hope.

The characters are living, breathing human beings. Those who ever met or knew Mr. Emerson will be greatly interested in this tremendously vital, virile story, the best of the many notable novels he contributed to the contemporaneous literature of his time.

The illustrations used were made by Arthur



THE LATE WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

Hutchins, who has also passed to the Great Beyond. "The Man Who Discovered Himself" is the one book of the year that is fragrant with the memory of two noble souls—author and artist. Their living personages seem to gleam in the pages of the work they have left behind and the inspiration of their busy and eventful lives are commemorated in the monument of a book that will take its place as enduring literature. The passing of Willis George Emerson marks the loss of a gifted and impressive personality, a genial acquaintance well met and a warm and true-hearted friend.

The book is handsomely made. Forbes & Company are the publishers of all Mr. Emerson's most successful novels.



# "Hiccups"

By HOLMAN F. DAY

"They'll stop in a mi—tchick—minute all ri—tchick—all right," said Mrs. Ward. But they didn't



WHEN Perley Ward came down from his winter's work in the wood, he brought as gifts to his young wife seven fisher-cat skins, a loupervier pelt, four huge, hardened mushroom growths, on which woods' scenes could be painted, and nearly two pounds of spruce gum, tied into the corner of a meal bag. No more admirable specimens of spruce gum were ever seen in Palermo village. Perley had spent his evenings of leisure scraping the globules. Each was as big as the end of one's thumb and glowed with ruddy fires as though it had absorbed the glories of summer sunshine, the mellowness of bland autumn and the flarings of the huntsman's camp-blaze, savory with steam from the venison steaks. It was gum to start moisture in the mouth corners if it were rolled before greedy eyes from palm to palm; it was gum that melted into a cud of succulent spiciness, and one was prompted to jam it hard between the molars, fillip it on the tongue, squat it against the front teeth, draw out its yielding pinkness across the lips into a long elastic ribbon and then thrust it back jealously and ruminate with those rabbit-like chewings generally called "gum-yankin's."

Mrs. Perley Ward succumbed to all this temptation. She chewed gum all day long. At meal times she stuck the little pink gobbet under the edge of her plate; when she went to bed her gum decorated the headboard so that it might be handy next morning. She chewed steadily, with those little crackly snappings of the gum that the experienced ruminant is enabled to produce. Her husband counseled her to be more moderate. He said that pretty soon she would have cheek muscle as big as a biceps and would look like a squirrel lugging nuts.

But she prolonged her gum debauch. Then one day she began to hiccough. At first 'twas only a little, easy, gurgling hiccough. There were faint sounds like subdued snickers, scarcely more than a catching of the breath, with lip nippings and pretty frowns and laughter when a hiccough chopped a word in two.

"Can't you take somethin' for that?" demanded Mr. Ward at the dinner table. "You sound like a chicken eatin' hot peppered bran mash."

"They'll stop in a mi—tchick—minute all ri—tchick—all right," said Mrs. Ward cheerily, and she ate a little dry sugar.

But they didn't. They were snickering away cheerfully at supper time. Mr. Ward informed her that she sounded like a setting hen clucking.

"For deuce-nation's sake," he protested, "choke it off, Phoebe. I told you not to chew so much gum. Now you're gettin' your pay."

His wife was a bit more serious at bed time. Those hiccoughs had tugged at her esophagus for nine hours, and the everlasting iteration of "ock" was becoming monotonous. She tried the easy methods of cure. She took nine sips of cold water. No good. By Ward's advice she held her breath, sat in a chair and doubled forward, her chin upon her knees, repeating the movement regularly. But when she had finished that exercise four hiccoughs disjointed the short sentence in which she told her husband that his remedy had failed. She went to bed, but her cluckings shook the four-poster until Perley Ward was exasperated. All at once he leaped up with a terrific yell,

grabbed his wife by the shoulders and shook her. Her screams of terror were shot thru with hiccoughs.

"Usually," explained Mr. Ward, apologetically, "if you can scare anyone in good shape, you can cure hiccups. But you seem to be fairly runnin' over with 'em."

In the morning Mrs. Ward was haggard after a sleepless night. The hiccoughs went on with the regularity of the ticking of a monster eight-day clock. Mrs. Ward had heard that hic-

coughs running eight days would kill any one. Aunt Rhoda Bragg, who bobbed in during the forenoon, said that her grandmother had told her that people who hiccoughed five thousand and three times died when puckering for the next "ock." Mrs. Ward hadn't kept count, but she began to get worried. When Aunt Rhoda advised her to stand on all fours, take a long breath and slowly raise one foot in the air, Mrs. Ward did so. No effect.

The grocery driver came in and told her that if she drank enough whiskey to get dead drunk the hiccoughs would

stop. But Mrs. Ward was an earnest member of the W.C.T.U. She firmly stated that she wouldn't drink liquor even to cure a cobra bite. The grocery man lifted his eyebrows and went away with the air of one who has done his duty and shifts all responsibility.

Time and the hiccoughs went on. Three days passed. The whole neighborhood was interested in the case. Everyone was digging in musty recipe books and quizzing old folks for hiccough remedies.

Mrs. Ward tried them all. She took a mouthful of water for each year of her life and a sip of sweetened cider for every star on the United States flag. She went out and jumped off the big beam into the hay bay. She stood in the middle of the room and whirled like a dancing dervish. She inverted herself on her head in the corner for a full minute by the clock. She jumped around the room like a kangaroo and painfully hopped on all fours like an exaggerated toad. She ate ice cream, she drank cold coffee. And the doctor put four different kinds of poultices on her chest and red medicine in one tumbler and pink in another—spoons across the top—one every half hour, one before eating; but still those hiccoughs kept yanking out of her throat like an anchor chain out of a hawser pipe. Her muscles ached from the fantastic calisthenics, she was frantic from sleeplessness, weak from fatigue and hunger. She took to her bed and lay there gasping hiccoughs like an expiring skate fish. Mr. Ward ceased to remind her that he "had told her so" about that spruce gum. Her hollow eyes seemed to accuse him of some crime, as tho he had placed a deadly weapon in her unaccustomed hands.

"Phoebe can't last much longer this way," mused Mr. Ward. "I reckon I'd better send for her relatives." And he did.

Among the arriving kinsmen was her brother, a dictatorial big man with hairy hands and brusque ways.

"By godfrey ginger!" he roared in the parlor conference of relations, "you're a nice set of clam fritters to let a woman lay up there and hiccup her lungs out. Why, every ten-year-old child ought to know enough to cure hiccups. She needs to be scared."

## HOLMAN DAY A "DOWN-EASTER"

*Holman F. Day was born in Vassalboro, Maine, so long ago that he says he's sometimes ashamed to admit the date. But at any rate, he graduated from Colby College in '87. From his early boyhood he has been a writer, his fame, up to 15 or 20 years ago, being based mainly upon his verses. After leaving college, he was in the newspaper business in Massachusetts and Maine. He quit the journalistic field in 1902, and has since then been busy at story writing. He is the author of several successful books*

He impatiently stopped their explanations with a disgusted flourish of his hairy hands and started for the front stairs.

"You stay here," he commanded; "all of you stay here." They could hear him creaking from tread to tread on the stairs as he advanced with the caution of a stealthy elephant. They heard the slow whine of a door on its hinges and then:

"Gr—r—wer—ouw!" That yell in the upper regions would have drowned the howl of a fire-boat's siren. A plaintive squeal and a moan followed and then the fall of a heavy body. When the troop of breathless relatives arrived in the room, the big man was just lifting his sister back into bed. She was deadly white and her eyes were closed.

"She's dead!" bellowed her husband. He ran to the bed, gazed on her and then faced the brother with the fury of him who confronts the murderer of a loved one.

"You miserable whelp," the husband howled, "you've killed Phoebe. I'll break you into inch pieces. I'll—"

"She hain't dead. I'll bet she hain't dead," said the big man, nervously. "I don't b'lieve she's dead. She's just fainted. Throw water on her."

One of the female relatives obeyed, and soon a fluttering of the pale eyelids cheered the anxious group.

"Told you she wa'n't dead," declared the big man, with new confidence. "Course she ain't dead. But I've cured them hiccups. There don't none of the rest of you know enough to handle a case of pip."

"All right now, ain't you, Sis?" he cried jubilantly.

"Oh, Joe you—ick—you—ock—you scared me dret—uck—dretfully!" she quavered, and then began to cry weakly, her sobs alternating with hiccoughs that seemed fairly to lift her off the bed. The big man looked at her aghast, passed his hairy hand across his sweaty and corrugated brow, and ejaculating, "Well, I'll be—" he walked from the room, clumped down stairs and went out of the house.

He came back at supper time, and said with sheepish demeanor, "I still insist that scarin' 'em out is the right way to handle hiccups, friends, but I ain't fitted to doctor folks, I reckon. To make up for what I did today I'll be the watcher tonight. All the rest of you go to bed."

The suspicious husband protested, but in the end the dictatorial brother prevailed. He pushed all of them bluffly out of the room at eight o'clock, his hairy hands against their shoulders. He locked the door behind them. Then he went and sat by the open window, gazing impatiently out into night, his fat silver watch in his hand. The woman lay croaking hiccoughs and moaning softly. Her eyes were closed. At nine o'clock there was a "hist" in the darkness outside.

"Get that ladder 'side o' the barn," whispered the big man.

In a few moments a face came up into the glimmer of the sick-room light. It was a queer and rectangular sort of a face. A tufty beard was dotted around it. The eyes were flat and fishy and "toed out." Another man came on the ladder close behind and urged on the hesitating fellow in the lead.

"He's about due for one, is he?" inquired the big man of the individual farthest down the ladder.

"It's his regular day," replied the other, his tones muffled by an abnormal chew of tobacco. "The poor farm superintendent says he alwa's has one on Tuesday and one late Friday. He hain't had his Friday one yit. You can reckon on him all right."

The big man eased the rectangular-faced man into the room and gently pushed him into a chair near the bed.

"Set there," he hissed. The woman in bed, absorbed in her own troubles, did not open her eyes. The big man backed to the window and gruntingly clambered out onto the ladder.

"I don't want her to see me when it happens," he whispered. "If she gits her eye on me when it's goin' on she won't be so scared."

He remained with his head just above the sill. The other man calmly reversed his position on the ladder, put his back against the rungs and chewed luxuriously.

"Northin' to do but wait," he murmured.

The minutes passed slowly. The new attendant on the sick woman sat hunched in the chair in the position in which the big man left him. Once in a while he shut his mouth with a moist "soofle" and then relaxed the jaw muscles again.

The big man now shifted from foot to foot and grunted softly.

"This is gettin' mighty tedious," he growled, discontentedly. "Ain't there somethin' that will jounce him along a bit?"

"Wal, no one on the poor farm has ever practiced on pokin' him up to have one. He has enough of 'em without bein' encouraged. Howsomever, a sudden little start might set him off, seein' he's well keyed up for one o' them."

"There's a carriage sponge down in the horse trough," said the big man. "Sop it full o' water an' bring it up to me."

When it was delivered to the brother, he balanced it in his hairy hand and threw it, as Jove would launch a thunderbolt, full at the rectangular face.

Spush!

With a maniacal yell the fellow leaped up like a flopping fish and then fell back into the chair. The sick woman opened her eyes and stared. As she gazed on the unknown, he straightened out, his body sinking into the depths of the big chair, his limbs rigid, his fingers hooked and stiff. There was a slow, grinding twist of his whole body. Froth appeared on his snarling lips and his sterterous breathing blew out little bubbles of it. Then all at once he began to leap and flop. He fell on the floor, bounced around, stood up on one foot, whirled like a teetotum and fell again. The woman, horrified, sat up, clutched the bed-clothes, and screamed hideously. In the rooms below sounded a succession of thunks of bare feet as the household leaped out of bed.

The rectangular-faced man now ran round and round the room. He butted his head against the wall once or twice so violently that the plaster rattled down. He rolled across the floor, taking up-ended chairs with him. Hands and feet were pounding at the door and voices were clamoring for admittance. The woman in bed had the ghastly look of one death-struck. The creature tore from side to side of the room, fairly running up the walls, dropping on all fours and gathering himself for another scramble. All at once he leaped high, went along the wall in a sprawling half-circle, knocked over the lamp stand and its lamp, and when the blaze spurted over the carpet, he made a wild plunge for the open window. He swept both men down the ladder with him and they all were piled in a struggling heap at the bottom. The next moment the door of Mrs. Ward's room was burst in with a crash. The fire was already licking at the bed. The draught of the open window and door carried the flames roaring through the upper part of the little house, and it was with difficulty that the woman, wrapped in her bed-clothes, was borne out. In half an hour the roof fell in and the chimneys crashed down into the swirling flames.

The relatives sat under the orchard trees, listening once more to Mrs. Ward's recital of the dreadful scene in her chamber. She did not understand, either. The big man was not there to explain. But in a little while he came bustling up. To the flood of questions and the complaints that he had abandoned his charge, he put up a protesting palm.

"I was there—I was there," he insisted. "I have just been to help carry him back to the poor farm. He got scorched a little."

"Carry who back?"

"Why, Fitz-William, called so on account of his fits."

"How did he happen to be in Phoebe's room?"

"I put him there myself."

"What for?" the husband roared.

"Well, I've maintained from the first that the only way to cure hiccups is to scare the patient. I heard of Fitz-William and I borrowed him."

"I'm goin' to kill you," Ward shrieked. "I call on you all to notice it's justifiable homicide."

"Hold on," said the big man, authoritatively, "have you had a hiccup since, Sis?" The woman and her relations looked at each other. For half an hour they (Continued on page 382)



# What Melody Farm Meant to Uncle Sam's Sons

*A Little Story of the Work  
of Our American Women in  
the Interest of Democracy*

By

MARY TRAVERS TRASK



WHEN the women of America began the war work of which they made such a notable success, the first thing they did—theoretically, of course—was to pitch the "Social Register" into the nearest wastebasket. The real test of worth was made one's work.

The work done was, in most cases, done with little show. Some, of course, were forced into the public eye thru their efforts as executives in some of the nationally-known organizations—the Red Cross, the Special Aid Society, the various associations formed to meet particular emergencies, such as the American Fund for French Wounded. But the great mass of the women of America, whether they held obscure or prominent positions in what we are pleased to call "the social world," did their work without the blare of trumpets or the proclamations of heralds.

Now, it happened that when in the early spring of 1917 the Navy and War Departments looked around the country for suitable training bases and mobilization points, the one hit upon the lake shore of Illinois for the foundation of the wonderful Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and the other brought the old-time post at Fort Sheridan to war-time prominence as a midwestern base.

And both places, be it known, are near Lake Forest.

Tho probably neither Mr. Daniels nor Mr. Baker gave a

thought to it at the time, there is in Lake Forest a beautiful country place called Melody Farm, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour. Melody Farm, and more particularly Mrs. Armour herself, soon came to mean a great deal in the lives of the boys who were sent to the Great Lakes station and to Fort Sheridan.

War had scarcely been declared when Mrs. Armour opened a tea shop and clubhouse at Lake Forest for officers and enlisted men. She, herself, took charge of the place, and worked long hours to make the boys who dropped in feel as much at home as possible. That tea house is still in operation; and many a man who trained north of Chicago and who now is in "civies," has a good word to say for it.

Not content with this, Mrs. Armour aided in the organization of the Soldiers and Sailors Club among the women employes of her husband's Chicago offices. Each day, in specially assigned quarters, these girls gathered to knit socks and sweaters and helmets for the boys in service. All thru the war Mrs. Armour worked with them. Thousands of articles were sent overseas and to the men in training at home. Some of them went out to the Lake Forest clubhouse, and eventually reached the boys at the Naval Training Station.

Even when the war was ended, the work of these girls went on. They turned from the art of knitting to that of Terpsichore.

*Out of the prairie—  
and out of the routine  
of the city office—came  
this vision of loveliness.  
And it was not merely  
idle loveliness, but  
loveliness employed in  
a great cause. The fete  
at Melody Farm was  
one of the finest that  
America was ever  
privileged to  
witness*





MRS. J. OGDEN ARMOUR

*Tho a great lover of the outdoors and of the things which bring one outdoors—golf, walking and the like—Mrs. Armour is a great home lover. She is probably as little in the public eye as any woman of her social position in America. One of the few exceptions was when she encountered a burglar in her Chicago home one night several years ago; instead of fainting, she grasped the revolver he carried and attempted to wrest it from him. Mrs. Armour was Lolita Sheldon of Connecticut. The Armours have one daughter, named for her mother, now in her early 20's*



At Mrs. Armour's suggestion, a pageant was determined upon, and for twelve weeks, in their spare time, the two hundred and fifty or more young women rehearsed their steps in the plant gymnasium, under a skilled teacher. One hour each day—about seventy-two hours in all—were spent in this work. That is the equivalent of nine days of eight hours each.

"Women of the Ages" was the title of the piece. It was elaborately costumed, and every garment was made in the workshop of the plant. Many of them were designed by the girls and made by them.

The pageant was a tremendous success. On the spacious lawns and sweet-smelling gardens at Lake Forest myriad nymphs—erstwhile workers in the grim, dusty city—sport gleefully. Here, welded by their Americanism, were the daughters of a dozen races. But racial lines, as social lines, were missing. All were Americans, working for America.

It was the most beautiful spectacle I had ever seen. The rich glow of the sunset lent its colors, bathing the dancers in its floodlight. And all with the great chateau for setting—a chateau finer, more tasteful than any I had seen in France. Here was all this in a place that had been rank prairie, even in time which I had known—all this, the creation not of centuries, as the chateaus and gardens of France, but of a few years. Here, in these transformed city workers, native of many climes; here in this magic creation of a one-time wilderness, was the irrepressible spirit of the new world—its adaptability and its progressiveness.

The guests who saw that pageant were enthusiastic. The girls were urged to repeat this historic glimpse of the beauty and glories of the past so artistically reproduced in the beauty of Nature's splendor in the afterglow of a "perfect day." So the great Auditorium in Chicago was engaged and the pageant given to a crowded house.

When the Salvation Army Drive started in Chicago, one of the first contributions received was a check for \$30,000 sent by Mrs. Armour on behalf of the girls of the Armour Soldiers and Sailors Club. This check represented the proceeds of the Auditorium Pageant.



*Not a painting from old France, but a vision of the new world. Pageantry on the steps of the chateau at Lake Forest*

The work of Mrs. Armour and of these loyal girls is representative of the democracy of American womanhood. In all the activities there was never a thought of distinction. Each one worked in the common cause and each one did her full share.

## THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT

THE moon, pale shining crescent of the sky,  
Rides high in calm serenity complete;  
While far below, enveloped by the gloom,  
The sleeping earth lies silent at her feet.

Cold guardian! Send thy beams of the heavenly sheen  
Upon that globe! Protect it by thy light  
From dangers unforeseen and furies wild,  
That lurk among the shadows of the night!

The setting sun has brought to them who toil,  
By flooding western sky and lofty crest  
Of neighboring hill, with crimson deep and full,  
The message of the even—home and rest.

And now, O sentinel of gleaming white!  
Move slowly on thru thy celestial way;  
Till, duty done, thy sifting beams shall be  
Deluged by radiance of the new-born day!

O silent gazer! many are the scenes  
That fall beneath the scope of thy bright eye!  
The sleeping souls of those who live in peace,  
The sight of those who suffer, want, and die!

Thy gaze discerns each people, race, and creed,  
The mighty and alike the common clod,  
All are reduced unto an equal plane—  
An earthly man beneath the light of God!

Thy silence speaks of peace beyond this life;  
Thy light is but a beam from heav'n's door;  
Move on, eternal keeper! till the streaks  
Of eastern sky announce the night is o'er.

The moon, pale shining crescent of the sky,  
Rides high in calm serenity complete;  
While far below, enveloped by the gloom,  
The sleeping earth lies silent at her feet!

—Thomas G. Breen, Jr.

# Merrick—A Man Who Knows Men

*With Limited Experience as a Banker, He Was Chosen to Head the Great Lakes Trust Company Because He Knew the Human Side of Business*

By W. C. JENKINS

**T**HERE is something significant of the times in the election of Harry H. Merrick to the presidency of the newly-organized Great Lakes Trust Company, Chicago. Mr. Merrick states with greater frankness than accuracy that he is not a banker, but the truth is that he was chosen head of a big banking institution because of, rather than despite that fact.

The directorate sought a man who knew men rather than money, who knew credit rather than clearing house practice. They found these qualifications in Mr. Merrick were fortified by the enthusiasm of youth—a personal magnetism that gives him a dominant position among the business men of the Mississippi Valley, and the invaluable asset of years of experience at the head of one of the half dozen most important credit departments in the United States.

The choice is better understood after a study of the directors who made it. With few exceptions they are leaders among the rising generation of young Chicago business men; almost every one a man who has just turned the corner into conspicuous success. They had seen Mr. Merrick in a few years rise to the peerage among credit men of the country, and in slightly more than a year as banker become one of the most conspicuous of his fellows, largely responsible for the organization of the Mississippi Valley Association and the Mississippi Valley Bank, and for the awakening of financial and business men in the valley to the possibilities of getting the territory in direct contact with foreign trade.

There is precedent for such a choice, but it has but recently become a recognized policy instead of an occasional accident. Frank A. Vanderlip was a profound student of political economy, of finance, and of economic history, but he knew comparatively little of banking when he was elected to head the largest bank in the United States. The history of the National City Bank of New York in the past decade is sufficient justification of the unusual choice of the directorate in choosing Mr. Vanderlip to head the institution.

Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes was chosen president of the Central Trust Company, not because he was a banker, but because as lawyer, engineer, comptroller of the treasury, and as student of and authority on economics, he had acquired

a breadth of vision and depth of understanding that are the greatest attributes of an executive.

Mr. Merrick enters the duties of his new office with over twenty years' actual experience in business concerns that are noted for the excellence of the systems that govern their affairs. As credit manager for the great Armour institution and its allied interests, he gained experience that no philosophy could teach. No theoretical discussion could gain such precision in judgment as Mr. Merrick secured by daily contact with business thru the Armour channels, which lead to practically every city,

town, and hamlet in the country. He was in a relative position to the Company's customers to that of the banker with the borrower, for upon the fairness of his judgment men placed their hopes and their ambitions. No customer of the Company ever thought he would be crushed if, under the stress of circumstances, he needed a brief extension of credit, and it is a fact that many struggling proprietors of meat markets feared their bankers more than they did Armour & Company. They knew business consideration and intelligent direction governed the great packing company. Liberal credit and fair treatment have been the important factors that built up great American industries, and in the Armour institutions these factors have always dominated. Narrow, vacillating policies have wrecked many manufacturing institutions and mercantile enterprises, and forced hundreds of banks to close their doors, either by consolidation with more successful institutions, or by the demands of the banking departments.

Those who know Harry H. Merrick predict a measure of success for the Great Lakes Trust Company beyond the fondest anticipation of its promoters. The fact that when the subscription books were closed it was found that the

stock had been over-subscribed 62 per cent, speaks loudly of the high esteem in which he is held thruout the West. It was a tribute to his popularity and a manifestation of confidence in the new bank that he could not fail to appreciate.

Mr. Merrick was graduated from the Law School of the University of Minnesota. Subsequently he went to Cedar Rapids, where he was credit manager for T. M. Sinclair Company. In 1902 he became associated with Armour & Company, and was made credit manager of the (Continued on page 379)



Copyright, Moffett, Chicago

HARRY H. MERRICK  
President Great Lakes Trust Company



# People Poisoning Themselves by Bad Habits

*Battle for Health Against Toxin—Denver Doctor Says that Toxemia is the Basic Source of Disease*

An Interview with Dr. J. H. Tilden

**T**HE superstition that disease is an entity, and as an entity can be met and vanquished by a fetch or occult power such as ascribed to drugs, vaccines, viruses and serums has received an awful jolt at the hands of Dr. J. H. Tilden, famous Denver doctor

and founder of the Tilden Health School. Also Dr. Tilden would disabuse the public mind of the fallacy that cures can be made by some peculiar diet—and diet is one of Dr. Tilden's hobbies, another being that disease is largely a matter of bad habits—or should we say that health is simply quitting our bad habits, whether this refers to the use of tobacco, stimulants, alcohol, tea, coffee, improper food or sensuality.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. Tilden was one of the successful surgeons in the West. In his most famous book, "Toxemia," he tells why he abandoned the practice of orthodox medicine and branched out along independent and rational lines; and today the Tilden Health School is known the world over despite the prediction that he was committing professional suicide in renouncing the so-called ethical practice.

As the author of the "Toxemia Theory" of disease which many claim is the most satisfactory by far that has been advanced in all the history of medicine, Dr. Tilden makes many startling confessions. For instance, he says that during his early professional career as a general practitioner and surgeon he did not know why people were sick, why they got well nor why they died, yet he treated them in the most approved style. He did not know if the disease would end soon or late, or whether it would take on a severe form or quickly run its course. He had no idea how he would find the patient after the first call. He did not know whether or not there would be "complications," yet he had the usual stock-in-trade subterfuge—"If no complications arise, the patient will recover."

According to Dr. Tilden no doctor can tell from one day to the other the condition of his patients; and no doctor can say with any certainty that the drug he prescribes will have the result he hopes to experience. No one can tell after the first twenty-four hours of medication, whether the symptoms presenting themselves are those of the disease proper, or are due to drugs.

No one can tell after the disease has been under treatment for a day or two, whether the patient is suffering from drug action, food poisoning, deranged emotions or mental depression. In other words, to sum up from Dr. Tilden, no doctor, from the professor in college to the young medical student, knows anything definite about his patient after the first day's drugging.

This guess-work is made possible because the whole system and theory of medicine is an unorganized mass of science, empiricism and superstition. Every disease is looked upon as an individuality—and a special germ as the cause. According to Dr. Tilden this is nonsense, as impossible as to coin words independent of the alphabet. As every word must go back to the alphabet for its letter elements, every disease must go back to toxemia, and the causes of toxemia, for its elements.

The toxin theory of the healing art is grounded on the Truth that *Toxemia* is the basic source of all disease—it is a scientific system that covers the whole field of cause and effect—a system that synthesizes with all knowledge, hence a true philosophy. That this announcement should bring Dr. Tilden into opposition with the institutionalized orthodox medical fraternity was to be expected, but in bearing the brunt of this opposition he has proved the truth of his theory in thousands of cases.

Explaining his toxic theory Dr. Tilden says: "The body is strong or weak, as the case may be, depending entirely upon whether the nerve energy is strong or weak. . . . it should be known that without nerve energy not an organ of the

*"To define just what is meant by toxemia, I will say: Toxemic means poisoned by toxin taken into the body, or by one's own waste products—retained metabolic waste—brought about by inefficient elimination; and faulty elimination is caused by enervation—a weakened state of the body—lost resistance.*

*—Dr. J. H. Tilden.*



The Tilden Health School of Denver—not a hospital nor a sanitarium—but an institution where people are taught how to live, how to get rid of disease and to stay well. At the time these pictures were made there were patients and "students" at the school from three-fourths of the states in the Union, and a celebrated jurist from Auckland, New Zealand. The school occupies one of the most beautiful sites in Denver, directly opposite Highland Park. Accommodations are taxed to capacity thruout the year and patients are instructed to make reservations in advance.

body—gland or muscle—can perform its function. For the body to function normally the proper amount of nerve energy must be generated. This means that waste and repair are adjusted to ordinary needs, and that for these needs sufficient energy is generated to carry on the work. But no provision is made for extraordinary demands which draw heavily on the capital stock of nerve energy. The consequence is that everyone is in a more or less enervated state, which reflects itself in imperfect elimination. The inability of the organism to rid itself of waste products brings on autotoxemia. That this is the universal law cannot be disputed; and it is impossible to find one human being in the ordinary walks of life, free from self-poisoning. If innervation is the cause of autotoxemia then why is not enervation the cause of all diseases? Poison is the only sickness—and man cannot be poisoned without being enervated.

"When the nerve supply is not equal to the demands of the body, organic functioning is impaired, resulting in the retention of waste products. This produces toxemia. The longer toxemia exists the less nerve energy or resistance there is. Hence those with the least resistance are the first to give down under strain of exertion, excitement, weather conditions or over-indulgence. This theory, and this alone, explains the cause of all epidemics.

"When toxemia is accepted as the underlying principle which makes all diseases kin, doctors can proceed in the treatment of all diseases with a certainty and confidence never before experienced."

That Dr. Tilden's theory works out in practice has been proved in the cure of thousands of cases. His practice is largely confined to so-called incurable cases, and few go to him who can find relief elsewhere. All his prescriptions consist of proscriptions—all bad habits and customs must be given up, and nature given a chance. Patients come to him from famous specialists, surgeons and institutions the world over—they come to him at the eleventh hour, and as a last resort, and some of the cures brought about at the Tilden School are no less than miraculous. Dr. Tilden's task in many cases is to attempt the seemingly impossible, yet patients daily leave his institution thoroughly cured after having been given up as hopeless by America's most noted surgeons and so-called specialists. Let this fact serve as the answer to those who question the efficacy of the Tilden System.

If there is any secret to Dr. Tilden's success (and this is not my opinion, but the opinion of one of the leading doctors

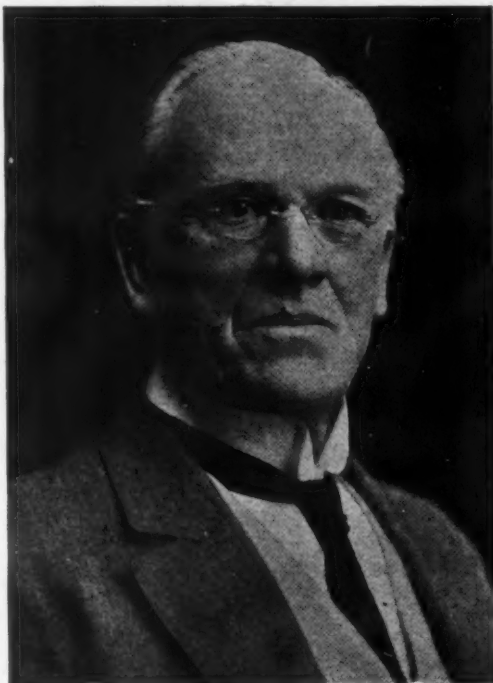
of Denver), it is his ability as a diagnostician and psychologist. In fact the doctor above quoted gave it as his opinion that Dr. Tilden is the greatest diagnostician in America—so remarkable is his ability in this direction that it impresses the patient as being almost uncanny. His insight and understanding of human character, his ability to mentally read the habits and emotional processes of those who seek his services is positively astounding. One of the jokes of the institution is when a new patient arrives and is given the "once over." Much to the patient's surprise Dr. Tilden gives

an accurate history of the case and makes whatever recommendations are necessary. If there is nothing left to be done he frankly tells the patient, for, bear in mind, he does not attempt the impossible.

Dr. Tilden himself is the greatest living example of the Tilden System: At sixty-four he is as active and nimble as a kid of sixteen. Physically, mentally and otherwise he is in better condition than most men at forty; and if he keeps up his present clip he should be good for a century run. Unlike most doctors he is his own physician and tried his system on himself before giving it to others.

Thru his books and the little magazine, "The Philosophy of Health," Dr. Tilden has hammered away at orthodox medicine and its blunders until his fame has become world-wide. Thousands have bought his books and possibly fifty thousand more read his little magazine. Improvements and additions have been made to the School until it now represents an investment of approximately a half million dollars, furnished and equipped as the most modern home or hotel. There is an absence of the suggestion of a hospital or sanitarium about the Tilden Health School. There is no "operating room," and the sweet aroma of the medicine chest is beautifully missing. Patients come and go, read, play or visit on the

lawn as they please. Life at the School is pretty much the same as at home. The environment makes for health. On Friday evenings Dr. Tilden conducts a clinic at the school to which the patients, as well as the public, are invited. These lectures and quizzes explain the methods of the institution and what is expected of the patients. There is no better way to understand the Tilden philosophy than by attending the clinics which have long since become one of the interesting features of the School. So popular have they become that during recent years Dr. Tilden has found it necessary to make a limited number of lecture engagements in the larger cities of the country. These, together with the Tilden books and magazine have made the Tilden philosophy the creed and practice of thousands in all parts of the world.



DR. J. H. TILDEN

*Of the Tilden Health School, Denver, Colorado, an institution known the world over for its remarkable cures. By many Dr. Tilden is regarded as the ablest diagnostician and dietitian in America, his methods being known as the "Tilden System." One of his pet theories is that disease is simply a matter of bad habits. Dr. Tilden is the author of ten books on diet and health explaining his methods, and the editor of the monthly magazine, "The Philosophy of Health"*

## MAKE SERVICE STAR PERENNIAL

**A**N electrically-lighted service star on top of an evergreen tree which has been planted in honor of its heroes is the method which Batavia, Illinois, has adopted to keep before its people the services of these men, says a report to the American Forestry Association, of Washington, which is registering all memorial trees planted. The evergreen at Batavia also is to serve as a community Christmas tree, and some other communities thruout the United States are setting out a tree which can be used every Christmas or on other occasions, instead of getting a new tree every time one is needed.



# The Editor's Corner

## Wherein Joe Chapple Talks Mostly About Himself

**I**N response to a request from a number of readers I have modestly taken this corner of the NATIONAL to just talk about myself—what I am doing and what I hope to do.

It may be of no real consequence what I think, speak, or write, but it does matter what I do, because I am an average individual enjoying the exhilaration of these busy times.

Only a few days at the most, in these whirling months, do I enjoy in the hallowed precincts of the editorial "sanctum." The accumulated mail and the insistent telephone call me forth! Records show that I have made about three hundred speeches in the year—with no casualties that I know of. Audiences have included little groups of friends in the parlor; hundreds at banquet table and club, thousands at conventions assembled, and tens of thousands at outdoor gatherings. I find my education, whatever it may be, comes largely from meeting people.

• • • • •

Returning after weeks of absence, I am greeted by pyramids of letters piled on the corners of the desk, carefully classified. First there is the "happy sheaf," where pleasant things "come to view" and prepare me for the other side—the "trouble shock." Misunderstandings will arise when you are not there to face difficulties day by day, but altogether I wonder how things can jog along so well without my august presence. The desk is dusted and all is in neat array—when I arrive. Then the editorial habit asserts itself. I proceed to muss things up—to make the place look natural.

One day last month there were twenty-nine invitations to speak—and I am not a candidate for political honors. I covered as many engagements as was physically possible, but could not make myself an astral body.

Usually the first day home I spend with the telephone trumpet hanging to my ear. Accumulated calls come in quick succession and for various reasons—but altogether it makes me feel of consequence. It has been claimed that men are not gossips, but I will confess that I am some long-distance talker on the telephone.

On my "Dispatch Sheet," lying staring at me on the desk, the day's work and array of promises are carefully scheduled. But the Erie has nothing on me as a paragon of punctuality, and the systematic score card of "business efficiency" goes the way where other good intentions are used—for paving.

Even in transit I am flagged. En route, I dodged into the subway last week and the ticket chopper saluted:

"Can you tell me how to spell Missouri?"

I spelled it out right first time.

"Thank you," he said, "you are the first man in eleven I have asked who have stopped to tell me. I wanted to honestly know. Thank you again."

So now I felt like an real evangel of education, with a halo gathering over my head that at least justified the honorary LL.D. and the M.A. degrees conferred upon me, written in Latin inscriptions, which I cannot read.

There were luncheon, dinner and even breakfast engagements arranged so I would not lose time in chewing other things beside food; but now the climax—"We'll have a dish of tea together" said the friend. It made me think of dear old England—and sure enough it was an Englishman speaking. He had been sent to me by Lord Leverhulme.

And tea it was, and dinner crept on apace. Then the evening—the first night on American soil—what should it be?

That night Barnum's circus was in town. My guest's knowledge of circuses was confined to Piccadilly and Oxford. When he said he'd never seen an American circus, I was glad. So we went.

The crowds inside were already spilling over on to the race track and nestled in the straw. Bands were playing, lions were roaring and the giraffes were jawing the hay down above and below; it was all circus—real American stuff—no Roman pageants or ethereal Egyptian dancing girls with reptilian rhythm—just circus, all in tights and tinsel.

I only wish I could tell you who my tea-drinking friend was. But it wouldn't be fair. Suffice to say, he is known on more than one continent, and heads a great manufacturing concern that does a business of thirty millions and more a year.

As we sat jammed in with the great throng an idea smote me, and I whispered: "Would you like to go behind the scenes?" He had his eyes on the curtains where the elf-like fairies made their exist amid the blaze of light and rapturous applause.

"Would it be proper?" he asked.

I assured him it would be strictly so. Five minutes later we were in the witching lights encampment of dressing tents. It was altogether a jolly reception.

One young artist of attractive form and feature had just completed an act of strength in the vast arena. She was a little piece of humanity, almost petite, and I wondered at it. The old boyhood habit of feeling the swelling biceps suggested itself.

"Hard as rock," said I, as the dainty lady doubled her arm for my edification. "Just feel this muscle."

My friend stepped up reluctantly, for I wanted to show him. No sooner had I grasped the damsel's arm than a swift Dempsey blow caught me in the chest and I staggered back against the tent ropes with a Jess Willard smile.

"Gee whizz!" said he.

That exclamation settled it. I felt that he was ready to take out his papers. He "had been to a circus."

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



## The Chapple Service

A modern plant, replete with labor-saving machinery and equipment, together with an organization of skilled workmen, give assurance of

**High Quality      Prompt Delivery      Low Prices**

Write us about your wants, and we can probably save you money on that next printing order—anyway we'll gladly send estimates and suggestions

**Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston, Mass.**

# How Nuxated Iron Helped

## Put Me In Such Superb Condition As To Enable

# Me To Whip Jess Willard

## And Win The World's Championship

### JACK DEMPSEY

#### "TIGER OF THE RING"

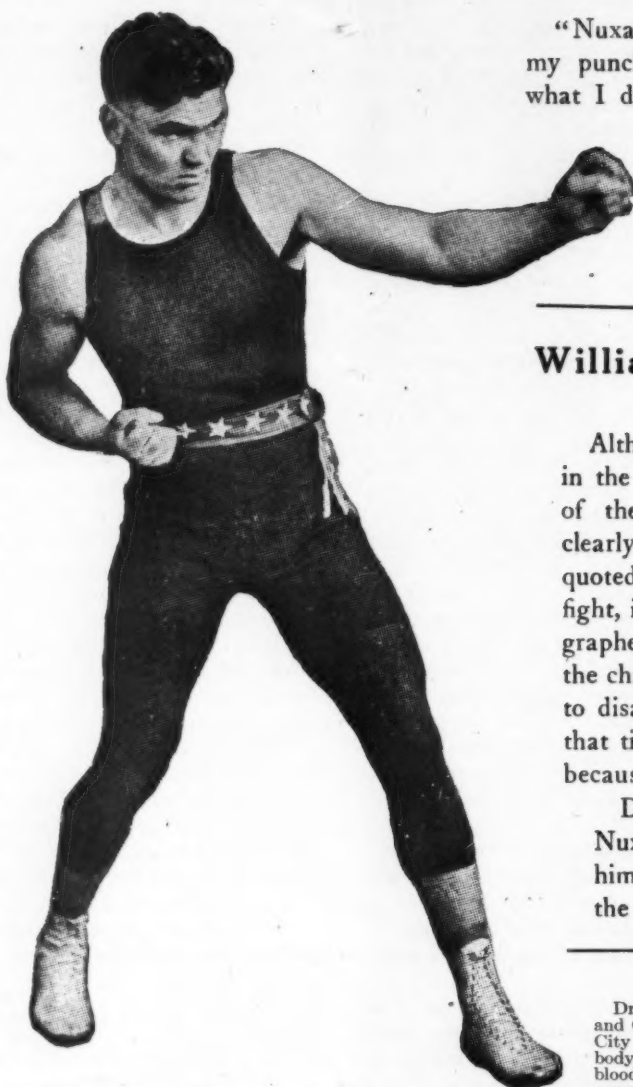
**Tells a Secret of His Training—Recommends Nuxated Iron to Every Man and Woman Who Wants To Build Greater**

### Strength, Energy and Power

Today recognized as the physical superior to any living man—the Superman of the Age—Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world, explains below the part Nuxated Iron played in helping to prepare him for the supreme test of his career. In his decisive, smashing victory over the mighty Willard, who had never before been knocked from his feet, Dempsey displayed a dynamic overwhelming strength and power never before known in the history of the ring. That he took Nuxated Iron as a part of his training is convincing evidence of the importance Dempsey attached to keeping his blood rich in strength-giving iron, and the high regard in which he holds Nuxated Iron as a master strength and blood builder.

In a statement made at his training quarters in Toledo, the scene of the big battle, Jack Dempsey said: "After commencing the use of Nuxated Iron during my training for the big fight with Jess Willard, I soon noticed that I could stand harder strains with less fatigue than before, and I realized that I had found a tonic and blood builder which played an important part in getting me into fine condition. Formerly I had relied solely upon strength-building foods and outdoor exercise to keep my blood rich in red corpuscles, but with the World's Championship at stake, I felt that I should leave nothing undone that might help me to win. I was advised of the great value of Nuxated Iron for building up the blood, strengthening the nerves, and aiding in keeping the body fit, and I am firmly convinced that its use has helped to wonderfully increase my stamina and endurance. Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me to accomplish what I did at Toledo. From the results in my own case where the possession of super-endurance is necessary, I feel that I am in a position to strongly recommend Nuxated Iron to every man and woman who wants to build greater strength, energy, and power."

In connection with the foregoing statement made by Jack Dempsey, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "The methods of training adopted by Willard and Dempsey may have had a great deal to do with the outcome of this fight. According to reports, Dempsey placed himself unreservedly in the hands of expert trainers and



"Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me to accomplish what I did at Toledo."

JACK DEMPSEY

### William Harrison ("Jack") Dempsey—

Although like an untamed tiger in the ring, the intensely human side of the new World's Champion is clearly shown by a remark he is quoted as making just before the big fight, in which he said: "I have telegraphed my Mother that I will win the championship and I am not going to disappoint her. I'm going to win that title if for no other reason than because I've promised her I would."

Dempsey describes here the part Nuxated Iron played in helping him to keep his promise to win the title.

competent physicians and heeded their advice. In my opinion, whoever made the suggestion that Nuxated Iron should play a part in getting Dempsey into condition is to be commended for his foresight. No man without plenty of rich, red blood filled with health-giving and strength-building iron, could withstand the terrific onslaughts of a giant like Willard. It should occur to every thinking person that if a man as physically fit as Dempsey should consider it advisable to take Nuxated Iron, how much more important it is for the average man or woman to see that there is no lack of iron in the blood. There is today a surprising number of persons who suffer from iron deficiency. Many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans, there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron."

Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of the City of New York, says: "Strength and vitality of body and mind are derived from the blood and the blood, in turn, derives it from the food we eat and the oxygen contained in the air we breathe. But unless the blood is rich in iron to increase its oxygen power, it cannot develop living tissue muscle and brain, or keep active the vital forces. Strong, healthy men and women with plenty of iron in their blood are the ones who go through life with a smile, self-reliant and fearless, and their dynamic power and energy make them virtually masters of their own destinies. It is surprising how many people who do not get along in life are in reality suffering from iron deficiency and do not know it. To supply this lack of iron and help build stronger, healthier men and women, better able physically to meet the problems of everyday life, I believe that physicians should, at every opportunity, prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

**MANUFACTURERS' NOTE:** Nuxated Iron, which has been used by Jack Dempsey, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

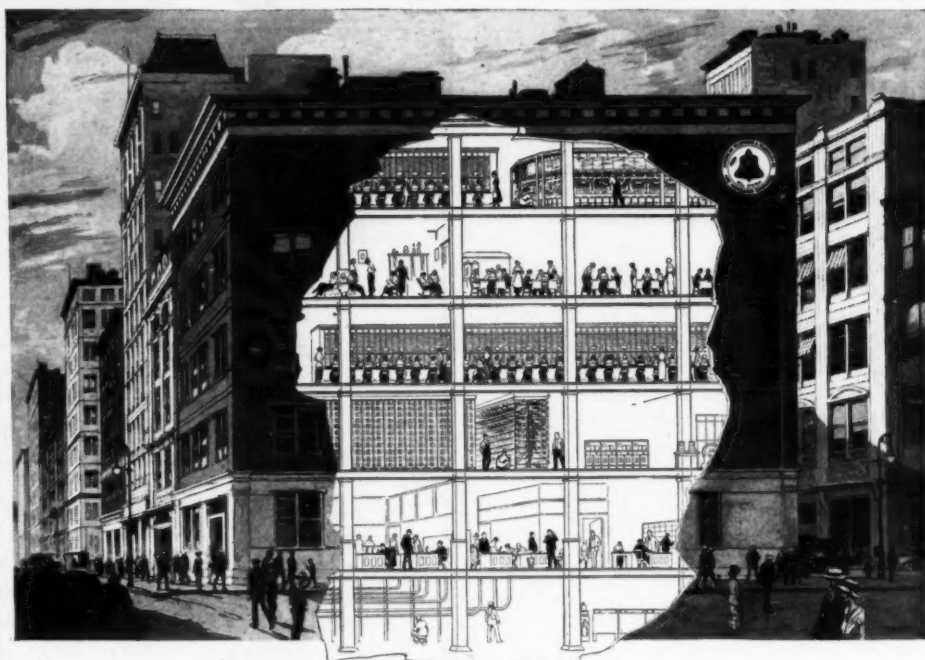


## MERRICK

Continued from page 374

big packing company and its allied interests. He was also secretary of the Armour Fertilizer Works. Mr. Merrick severed his connection with Armour & Company in January, 1918, to become vice-president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois. He resigned as vice-president of the Central Trust Company to become president of the Great Lakes Trust Company.

Mr. Merrick has been actively interested for a number of years in the work of the Chicago Association of Commerce, being at one time general treasurer and later vice-president in charge of the Interstate Foreign Trade Division, and on January 8, 1919, became president of the organization. He was the active force back of the founding of the Mississippi Valley Association, and is working now in the organization of the Mississippi Valley Bank.



## The Great Task of Construction

With the coming of peace the Bell System faced an enormous construction program. Conditions arising from war resulted in the wiping out of reserve equipment normally maintained, and necessary to give prompt connection to new subscribers. The release of industry and accumulated growth of population now makes telephone demands almost overwhelming.

Telephone construction, including buildings, switchboards, conduits, cables and toll lines, must, from its inherent nature, be undertaken in large units. A metropolitan switchboard, with its tens of thousands of parts, may require from two to three years to construct and install.

Only great extension can meet the present

excess burden of traffic and provide for future requirements. Extension which cares for immediate demand, only, is uneconomical and calls for continuous work of such a character as to be frequently detrimental to the service.

During the war the Bell System devoted all its margin to the needs of the Government. The great task of getting back to normal pre-war excellence of operation requires the reestablishment of an economic operating margin capable of taking care of a larger growth than has ever before confronted the Bell System.

Construction is being pushed to the limit of men and materials; while every effort is being made to provide the best, present service.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

## Want "Ads" that Reduce Want

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Underwood & Underwood offer you the opportunity to establish business of your own in which others earn up to \$6,000 a year. Exclusive contracts for selling Visual Instruction Equipment to schools and libraries. Only educated men with references, cash deposit guarantee required. Underwood & Underwood, Dept. N, 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Patents that Protect. Write us for New Book, Patent Sense. Worth more than all other patent books combined. Free. Lacey & Lacey, Dept. N, 162 Springer Building, Washington, D. C. Est. 1909.

## TYPEWRITERS

Startling Values in Typewriters. \$10 to \$15 up. Factory rebuilt. All makes. Shipped on trial. Write for our special offer "National." Whitehead Typewriter Co., 186 North La Salle St., Chicago.

## AGENTS WANTED

Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish. Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc. and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market. De-Lite Mfg. Co., 9 Cawfield Street, Uphams Corner, Boston.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Victory Flag Set—Welcome Home flag, 12x14 inches; silk Peace flag of 22 Allied Nations, 9x13 inches; 2x3 feet fast color American Flag. \$1 postpaid. Whitman Sales Co., Orange, Mass.

Earn \$25 Weekly, Spare Time, Writing for Newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary, details Free. Press Syndicate, 1004, St. Louis, Mo.

HOSIERY—Darnproof; 12 pair gents' or ladies', assorted, intense black, guaranteed, \$1.50, parcel post, to introduce our high-grade hosiery. Dixie Hosiery Mills, Kernersville, N. C.

The North Jersey Shore at Its Best

New  
Monterey Hotel

North Asbury Park, N. J.

NOW OPEN

THE utmost in resort hotels. Absolutely unrivalled, on the North Jersey Coast, for comfort, equipment, guest facilities and general environment. Accommodates 500. All rooms outside ones. Hot and cold salt water in all bath rooms. Perfect service by white employees.

## BEAUTIFUL NEW GRILL

Opens July 1. Exquisite furnishings; a la carte service. The Dansant daily, 3-6. Special music. Supper 8-12, with dancing. Largest and finest restaurant on North Jersey Coast.

New York Booking Office, 8 West 40th Street.  
W. H. Westwood, N. Y. Representative

SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager

Have You  
a Baby?

Whether you have  
or not, you will be  
interested to read

"The High Cost  
of Babies"—

a striking interview  
with a very widely  
known American

in Next Month's  
National Magazine

## SPRING

I sit alone on the garden seat,  
 Dreaming of days that are gone,  
 When I kissed the blossoming roses  
 And heard the lark's sweet song;  
 They seem so far away to me,  
 Those sunny days gone by,  
 Shall I hear again the music  
 Of the green leaves swinging high?

The breeze that sweeps so gently  
 O'er the garden, brown and sere,  
 Cannot find the fragrant flowers  
 It loved so well last year!  
 Oh! Nature, wake your children!  
 My longing heart doth cry,  
 Bring out the warming sunshine,  
 Unveil the bright blue sky.

Tell every tender seedling  
 That lies sleeping in the earth,  
 It is time to grow and blossom  
 Time to rise to new birth;  
 Hush! Hark! I hear an answer  
 Of tiny voices whispering to me,  
 A soft rustling, and a movement  
 Thru each dead and lifeless tree.

I feel soft and tender grasses  
 Of green, beneath my feet,  
 I see baby crocus smiling;  
 White lilies, pure and sweet.  
 Oh! May this wondrous lesson  
 Teach me, dear Lord, that I  
 May rise to life eternal  
 Thru Thy love, that cannot die.

—Nina E. Gimell.

*"Written with Soul"*

Telegrams are sent  
 by wireless.

Can books be written  
 by wordless?

# Futurist Stories

by

**Margery Verner Reed**

of Denver

brings you so close to actual  
 thought images that you  
 begin to speculate on thou-  
 sands of interesting literary  
 possibilities.

The writer shows a *sixth*  
*sense* in her style.

Read it by all means.

**MITCHELL KENNERLEY**  
 Publisher :: :: NEW YORK

**The Poets' Lincoln**

This volume contains the trib-  
 utes of the greatest poets, together  
 with several practically unknown  
 poems written by Lincoln himself.  
 It is profusely illustrated and in-  
 cludes a most complete collection  
 of Lincoln portraits, with index and  
 descriptive text. A valuable addi-  
 tion to any library. Price, \$1.25.

Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston

# THE Book of the War

## "WE'LL STICK TO THE FINISH"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

There can be no "I told you so" story of the winning of the war so genuinely sincere and truthful as the Victory story started long before the war was won. It remained for Joe Mitchell Chapple to tell this story, probably the most widely-read story of the Great Conflict. It meant getting in close, personal contact with those who comprised the great machine of victory—kings, presidents, marshals, premiers, commanders, generals, admirals, lords, secretaries of war, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers, and the glorious women who played their no less great part.

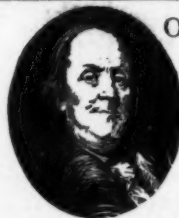
One sees the prognathous jaw of Civilization in the determined Allied expression which has become the title of this book: "We'll Stick to the Finish." And the world now knows how they did stick—from the Grand Fleet to the over-the-top doughboy or the beloved doughnut lassie. This story brings one into intimate relation with the great people of the Great War—from America to England, to France, to Belgium, to Italy, to Greece, and home again. The world is reading this book. Such men as Roosevelt, Daniels, Lansing, House, say it is *the* real story-picture of the war. Probably no other war book has been so enthusiastically or so favorably reviewed by the world's press. To read this book is more than to read of Victory—it is to read of Victory in the making—a Victory that came true.

Joe Chapple talked with all the Allied leaders—with Foch, Pershing, Haig, Diaz, Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, Sims, and Beatty, whose every utterance and action emphasized the spirit of the boys—"We'll Stick to the Finish."

This book of the war makes a splendid gift for anyone. The price is \$2.00—less in quantity lots—at foremost book shops. It is published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston, Mass.

**BEN FRANKLIN'S  
PICTURE**

on a postage stamp has  
 long been a reminder  
 that "A penny saved  
 is a penny earned."



Buy

**W.S.S.**

Keep on  
 Saving

at any  
 Bank or Postoffice

**ON A 1919 WAR SAVINGS  
STAMP**

let his picture remind  
 you that

\$4.00 saved is  
 \$5.00 earned

THRIFT IS THE



KEY TO SUCCESS



**POSSIBLY** two hundred makes of tires are advertised as "best." We rest our case on the verdict of the man who uses Kellys. *Ask him.*



Drink

**Coca-Cola**

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

**QUALITY** is the reason why millions have made it theirs.

Coca-Cola quality can't be imitated. Its quality is your protection. The taste is the test.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.



THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

Sold Everywhere

## Why Have Freckles?

The fairer the skin, the more ugly it is when marred by freckles, and they are really unnecessary. As soon as the warm sunshine or the hot winds bring them out, causing the natural embarrassment that every woman feels, get from your druggist a package of Kintho Beauty Cream. This is usually an easy and effective way to remove them, and quickly have a soft, clear, youthful and beautiful complexion, which, of course, should have no freckles.

Use Kintho at the first sign of freckles, applying night and morning, and you should be delighted to see how rapidly these ugly spots begin to disappear. It is also well to use Kintho Soap, as this helps to keep the skin clear and youthful.

Kintho Manufacturing Co.  
Ellicott Square Buffalo, N. Y.

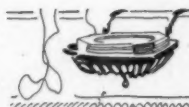
**BE A C.P.A. ACCOUNTANCY**  
The Highest Paid Profession Taught thoroughly in a few months of home study by new system.  
**FREE BOOK** International Accountants Society  
Dept. 437, 3690 N. Milob. Av., Chicago

## It feels fine— is fine for you!

**S**UCH rich, creamy lather—such a fine, clean smell! A bath with Lifebuoy makes you feel finer than you ever felt in your life!

But Lifebuoy, with its clean "health" odor, which no other soap has, does more than clean. It purifies—protects—makes your skin fairly glow with health!

Use it for your bath tonight. You will feel like a new person!



## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

### "HICCUPS"

Continued from page 370

had been talking excitedly without noticing that Phoebe had recovered. The woman was as astonished as the rest.

"Put a lunatic in my wife's room and burn the house down! That's your idea of curin' hiccups, hey?" demanded the infuriated Ward.

"The fire was an accident—wasn't in the original scheme," calmly replied the big man. "The plan of cure was all right and succeeded perfectly. My sister owes her life to me."

"But you've burned my house down," clamored Ward, quivering his hand toward the smoldering fire.

"A mere nothin' where my sister's life was concerned," the big man answered blandly. "You're a little stirred up now, Perley, but you'll come round and thank me when you've thought about it a while. What would ye ruther have, an old house that can be built again with a few boards and plaster, or a true and lovin' wife? Just remember you're talking about my sister!" He glowered menacingly.

The husband stared from the big man to his sister and from the woman to the other relatives. One word—the wrong word—would put him in the light of a cold-hearted cad, and Ward realized it. He kept still.

"Good night," said the big man genially. "I'll be going home, I guess."

And he left them gazing into the still flickering fire, wondering what to say to each other.

## HOTEL HAMILTON

New York City

### "The House of Sunshine"

**L**OCATED on 73rd Street, just East of Broadway, among the select residences of the upper West Side.

One block from beautiful Central Park West, Riverside Drive, 72nd Street Express Subway and Elevated Stations.

Five minutes from Times Square and fashionable shopping center of Fifth Avenue.

First hotel built according to new Zone Law—all outside rooms, single or en suite.

**APARTMENTS AVAILABLE  
FOR IMMEDIATE OR FALL RENTAL**



**HEART THROBS, Vol. I and II.** Everybody loves some book, but more people love "Heart Throbs" than any other book brought out in recent years. It contains a collection of rare bits of prose and poetry that have stood the test of time. Over 50,000 people joined in the making of these, the most wonderful gift-books of the century. 450 pages, in cloth and gold. \$1.50.

At Booksellers or direct from  
Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston

For HIGH-GRADE PUBLICITY of Every Description

*The*  
**WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS  
SERVICE**

1414 Sun Building, New York, N. Y.

We remove the bushel that hides your light.